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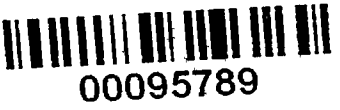

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VOL. II.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

The Spectre Barber, p. 80.

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THE

SPECTRE BARBER.

MANY years ago there lived in the good town of Bremen, a rich merchant, named Melchior, who was wont to stroke his chin and smile scornfully whenever he heard the parson read in the gospel of the rich man, whom, in comparison with himself, he regarded as a mere pedlar. In those rude times there prevailed a species of luxury as well as at present, though the people then looked more than their descendants to things of solid worth, and Melchior was so wealthy, that he had the floor of his banqueting room paved with dollars. Although the fellow citizens and friends of our merchant were much displeased at this piece of ambitious display, as they called it, yet it was, in reality, meant more as a mercantile speculation, than a

mere boast. The cunning citizen was well aware, that those who envied and censured his apparent vanity would serve to spread reports of his wealth, and, by that means, add to his credit. His aim was completely attained; the idle capital of old dollars, wisely exposed to view in the hall, brought a large interest, by means of the silent bond for payment which it gave in all the merchant's undertakings. It became, however, at last a rock on which the welfare of the house was wrecked.

Old Melchior died suddenly, from swallowing too much or too hastily, of some *renovating* cordial at a city feast, without being able to settle his affairs, and left all his property to his only son, in the full bloom of youth, who had just attained the age fixed by law for entering into possession of his inheritance. Francis was a noble fellow, endowed by nature with excellent qualities. He was well made, strong and robust, with a jovial, happy disposition, as if old French wine and hung beef had largely contributed to call him into existence.

Health glowed on his cheeks, and content and youthful cheerfulness shone in his dark eyes.

He was like a vigorous plant, which needs only water and a poor soil to thrive well, but which, in rich land, shoots into wasteful luxuriance without bearing fruit. The father's wealth became, as often happens, the ruin of the son. He had scarcely begun to taste the pleasure of being the sole possessor and master of a princely fortune, when he did all in his power to get rid of it, as if it were a heavy burthen. He imitated the rich man in the scriptures, to a tittle, "and fared sumptuously every day."

The feasts of the bishop were far surpassed in splendour and luxuries by those he gave; and, as long as the town of Bremen stands, it will never again see such a feast as he was accustomed to give yearly. Every citizen received a large joint of roast beef, and a flask of Spanish wine; all the people drank the health of old Melchior's son, and Francis was the hero of the day.

In this continual intoxication of pleasure, he never thought of balancing his accounts, which, in those good old times, was the very vade mecum of merchants, but which, in the present

day, has got much out of fashion; and hence the mercantile scale often tends, as if attracted by the loadstone, towards bankruptcy and ruin. Old Melchior had, however, left his strong box so well filled, that, for some years, our spendthrift felt no diminution in his yearly income. The number of his voracious table companions, the army of good fellows, gamesters and idlers, in short, all those who profited by the heedlessness of this prodigal son, took great care never to allow him time for reflection. They led him from pleasure to pleasure, and kept him in an eternal round of dissipation, for fear he might, in a single sober moment, awake to reason and the booty escape from their eager grasp.

But, on a sudden, the fountain of wealth ceased to flow. The hidden stores of his father's strong box were every one of them exhausted. Frank one day commanded a large sum to be paid, his cashier was not in a condition to meet the demand, and returned the bill unpaid. This was a severe blow to the young prodigal, yet his chief feelings were those of displeasure and anger towards the cashier,

to whom alone, and not to his own extravagance, he ascribed the disorder in his finances. He gave himself no further trouble to find out the cause; but, after having had recourse to the common folly of libertines, and swore a few dozen of oaths, he gave his man, who stood near him, shrugging up his shoulders, the laconic command, to "get money."

The money-lending jews and usurers were immediately applied to. In a short time large sums, taken up at exorbitant interest, again filled the empty purse. A room paved with dollars was at that period in the eyes of creditors, a better security for repayment than a draft on the bank of England at the present day. For a short time this palliative was of great use, but a report soon got abroad, nobody knew how that the silver pavement had been taken up in secresy, and its place supplied with stone. On the demand of the creditors, Justice examined into the matter, and the report was found to be true. It was not indeed to be denied, that a pavement of variegated marble like mosaic, was more suitable in a banquetting

room, than one of old and worn down dollars; but the creditors had so little respect for the improved taste of the owner, that they demanded immediate payment of their money. As this could not be made, a commission of bankruptcy was immediately taken out, and the parental house, with the magazines, gardens, ground, and furniture was put up to auction, and their possessor, who had fortified himself as well as he could by the help of the law, saw himself deprived of them all.

It was now too late to philosophise over his thoughtlessness, as the most judicious reflections and the wisest resolutions could not undo the mischief which had been done. According to the mode of thinking in this civilized age, our hero might now have made his exit from the scene of life with dignity—he might, as he could no longer live in his native city with honour, have deserted it for ever, or have put an end to his existence in any one of the many fashionable modes of shooting, hanging, or drowning. Frank, however, did neither one nor the other. The "what will the world say?"

which our gallic neighbours seem to have invented to bridle some kinds of folly, and spur men on to other kinds, had never once occurred to the thoughtless wight in his prosperity, and his feelings were not sufficiently delicate to make him ashamed of the consequences of his extravagance. At first he was like a drunkard, just awoke from intoxication, nearly unconscious of what had happened to him; and afterwards, like most unfortunate spendthrifts, he lived on and felt neither grief nor shame. He had luckily saved a few relics of his mother's jewels from the general wreck of his fortune; and they kept him for a time from absolute want.

He took lodgings in one of the most obscure parts of the town, in a narrow street, into which the beams of the sun rarely penetrated, but on the very longest days, when they glanced for a short time over the high roofs. Here he found all he wanted in his present circumscribed situation. The frugal table of his landlord satiated his hunger; at the fire-side he was protected from the cold; and the roof and walls sheltered him from rain and wind.

From one enemy, however, *ennui*, neither the roof nor the walls, neither the fire-side, nor the temperate enjoyments of the table, could always protect him. The crowd of worthless parasites had disappeared with his wealth, and his former friends knew him no longer. Reading was not, at that time, a general amusement, nor did the people understand how to kill their hours with those brain-sick creations of the fancy, which are usually spun from the shallowest heads. There were neither sentimental, pedagogical, psychological, nor comical romances, neither popular, moral, nor entertaining tales, neither family nor monastic histories, no Robinsons either new or old, and the whole tribe of tiresome, dreaming novel inditers had not then begun to spoil good paper, and impose on printers, the ungrateful task of labouring for the grocers and tobacconists. Noble knights, indeed, even then broke their lances, and jousted in tournaments, Dietrich of Berne, Hildebrand, and Siegfried the Horny, Rumbold the Strong, went in search of dragons and other monsters, and slew giants and dwarfs, each of whom was

equal in strength to twelve ordinary men. The venerable Theuerdank, was at that time, the great model of German art and skill, and his work was the latest production of our country's intellect but he was only admired by the *beaux esprits*, poets and philosophers of the age. Frank belonged to neither of these classes, and had, therefore, no other occupation but to strum on his lute, or to look out of the window, and make observations on the weather; which led, however, to no more just conclusions, than the numerous theories of the airy meteorologists of the present day. Fortunately, he soon found a more attractive object for his observations, which filled at once the empty space in his head and heart.

Opposite his windows, in the same narrow street, lived a respectable widow, who, in expectation of better times, gained a scanty livelihood, by means of her spinning-wheel, on which, with the assistance of an exquisitely beautiful maiden, her only daughter, she produced every day such a quantity of yarn, that it would have reached round the whole city of Bremen, ditch, walls, suburbs and all.

These two females were born for a better fate than the spinning-wheel, they came of a good family, and had lived, at one time, in opulence and prosperity. The husband of mother Brigitta, and the father of young Mela, had been the owner of a merchant-vessel, which he freighted himself, and in which he made every year a voyage to Antwerp. But while Mela was yet a child, a dreadful storm, buried him and his ship, with the crew and a rich cargo in the waves.

Her mother, a sensible well-principled woman, bore the loss of her husband and of her whole property with wise composure. Notwithstanding her poverty, she refused, with a noble pride, all the offers of assistance, which the compassion or benevolence of her friends and relations prompted them to make; deeming it dishonourable to receive alms, as long as she could hope to obtain the means of subsistance by the labour of her hands. She resigned her large house and its costly furniture, to the hard-hearted creditors of her late husband, took her present humble dwelling, and spun from morning till night. At first, this

occupation appeared very irksome; and she often moistened the thread with her tears. By her industry, however, she was enabled to preserve herself independent, and to save herself from incurring unpleasant obligations; she accustomed her daughter to the same mode of life, and lived so sparingly, that she even saved a small sum, which she laid out in buying lint, and, from that time, carried on a trade in that article on a small scale.

This excellent woman was, however, far from thinking she should spend her life in this humble state; on the contrary, she strengthened her courage, by looking forward to better times; and she hoped, one day, to be restored to that prosperity she had been deprived of, and to enjoy, in the autumn of her life, some of that sunshine which had gladdened its spring. Nor was this hope altogether an empty dream; it sprung from rational observation. She saw her daughter's charms unfold as she grew up, like a blooming rose, but not like it, to fade and fall as soon as it is ripened into beauty. She knew her to be modest and virtuous, and gifted

with such excellent qualities, that she already found, in her society, consolation and happiness. She therefore denied herself, sometimes, the common necessaries of life, to give her daughter the advantages of a respectable education; being convinced that, if a maiden only answered the description which Solomon, the royal friend of women, has given of a good wife, such a costly pearl would be sought after, and selected as the brightest ornament an honest man could possess.

Virtue, united with beauty, were then quite as valuable in the eyes of young men, as powerful relations and a large fortune are at present. There were likewise a far greater number of competitors for a maiden's hand, a wife being then considered as the most essential, and not, as (according to the present refined economical theory), the most unnecessary part of the household. The beauteous Mela, it is true, bloomed more like a rare costly plant in a green-house than a healthy shrub in the free air. She lived quietly and in retirement, under the maternal care and protection; visited neither the public

walks nor assembly rooms, and scarcely once in a twelvemonth went outside of her native city, contrary to all the present principles of marrying policy. Mother's, now a-days know better, they look upon their daughters as on a capital, which must circulate to produce interest; in those times, the poor girls were kept under lock and key, like hoarded treasure; but bankers knew where it was hidden, and how to obtain it. Mother Brigitta hoped she should, one day, find a rich son-in-law to release her from her long Babylonian captivity in the narrow street, and take her and her daughter back to the land of milk and honey.

Mela seemed to her to be endowed with so many charms, only to make her worthy of a high station; and she therefore did all in her power, by the great care she took of her education and manners, to fulfil what she thought the decree of nature.

One day, as Frank was at the window, observing the weather, he saw the charming Mela returning from church, where she regularly accompanied her mother to hear mass. In

his days of prosperity, he had paid little or no attention to the other sex; the chords of his finer feelings had never yet been struck, his senses having been blunted and bewildered by the incessant intoxication of pleasure, in which his companions had kept him.

Now, however, the stormy waves of youthful turbulence were still, and the slightest breeze ruffled the mirror-like surface of his soul. He was enchanted at the sight of the most lovely woman he had ever seen, and immediately gave up his dry meteoreological studies, for a more interesting occupation. He began by questioning his landlord concerning his fair neighbour and her mother, and from him learnt the greater part of what the reader already knows.

He now first felt vexed with himself for his wasteful extravagance, as it had deprived him of the means to provide handsomely for the lovely Mela, which his growing inclination would have prompted him to do. His miserable lodgings now appeared a palace to him, and he would not have exchanged them for the best house in Bremen. He passed all his time

at the window watching for his beloved; and, when she appeared he felt a keener sensation of pleasure than the astronomer experienced, who first saw Venus pass over the sun's disk. Unfortunately for him, the careful mother was vigilant in her observations, and soon discovered the cause of his constant presence at the window. As he was none of her favourites, on account of his former behaviour, she was so much offended at his continual watching and staring, that she kept her window curtains close drawn, and desired Mela never to appear at the window. When she took her to church, she put a thick veil over her face, and hurried round the corner as fast as she could to screen her treasure from the unhallowed gaze of our hero.

Poor Frank was not famous for his penetration; but love awakens all our faculties. He perceived that he had given offence by his intruding looks, and immediately retreated from the window with a resolution not to look out at it, even though the host were to be carried through the street. He now employed all his invention to find out

the means of continuing his observations unseen, in which he succeeded without much trouble. He hired the largest looking-glass he could get, and hung it up in his room in such a manner that it reflected every thing which passed in the opposite room of his fair neighbours. For many days he never shewed himself, till at length the curtains were drawn back by degrees, and the mirror sometimes received and reflected the beautiful form of the maiden to the great delight of its possessor. As love rooted itself deeper in his heart, his wishes, to make his passion known to Mela, grew stronger, and he resolved, if possible, to learn the state of her feelings towards him.

It was, indeed, much more difficult in those modest times for youths to get introduced to the daughters of a family than at present; and Frank's forlorn condition added to those difficulties. Morning visits were not then in fashion; confidential tête à tête's were followed by the loss of a young woman's reputation; walks, masquerades, balls, routs, *soupés*, and all the thousand modern inventions to promote

the meeting of the sexes, were not then in existence. It was only in the secrecy of the marriage chamber that the meeting of the two sexes could take place with propriety to explain their mutual feelings. Notwithstanding these restrictions, things took their course as well then as now. Christenings, weddings and burials, especially in a city like Bremen, were the privileged occasions for negociating love affairs; as the old proverb says, No marriage is consummated but another is planned. An impoverished spendthrift, however, being not a desirable son or brother-in-law, our hero was invited neither to weddings, christenings nor burials. The bye-way of influencing the lady's maid, waiting woman, or some other subordinate personage was in Frank's case likewise blocked up, for mother Brigitta kept neither one nor the other; she carried on her little trade in lint and yarn herself, and was nearly as inseparable from her daughter as her shadow.

Under such circumstances, it was impossible for Frank to open his heart to his beloved, either by speaking or writing; but he soon

invented a language which seems expressly intended for the idiom of lovers. The honour of being the first inventor does not indeed, belong to our hero; long before his time the sentimental Celadons of Italy and Spain were in the habit of chaunting forth the feelings of their hearts, under the balconies of their donnas. Their melodious pathos, more powerful than the eloquence of Cicero or Demosthenes, rarely failed in its aim, and not only expressed the lover's feelings, but was usually successful in exciting, in the object of his flame, similar warm and tender feelings. Of this circumstance, however, our illiterate youth had never either heard or read; the employment, therefore, of music, to express his feelings, and thus to convey them to the ears of his beloved Mela, was entirely his own invention.

In a melancholy hour he took his lute, and, far surpassing his usual strumming, he soon called forth sweet melodies from its harmonious chords, and, in less than a month, love had converted our hero into a second Amphion. His first attempts were little noticed, but, in a

short time, his performance attracted the attention of all the neighbourhood; whenever he touched his lute, mothers silenced their crying babes, the noisy boys were sent away from the doors, and, in a short time, he had the satisfaction to observe, by means of his looking-glass, that Mela's white hand opened the window when he began to prelude. When he succeeded thus far, when he gained her ear, his joy broke forth in triumphant strains, or danced in light cheerful melodies; but, if the presence of her mother, or some necessary occupation kept her from being seen, nothing but melancholy tones sighed from his lute, and he gave vent to those feelings of agony with which disappointed love filled his heart.

Mela was a docile pupil, and soon understood this expressive language. She repeatedly made the experiment, to ascertain whether she had correctly interpreted or not, and found that she could govern the tones of the invisible musician according to her own fancy. Quiet, modest maidens are more accurate observers, and have a much quicker perception than those

light thoughtless things, who, like the butterfly, hurry from object to object without ever fixing their attention on any one. Mela's vanity was flattered by finding it lay in her power, as if by enchantment, to entice from her neighbour's lute either the most joyous strains, or the most melancholy lays.

Mother Brigitta, intent on her trade, paid no attention to the musician, and her daughter was by no means anxious to impart her late discovery: on the contrary, either from a desire to show her penetration, or from a secret inclination towards her musical neighbour, she considered how she might reply to his harmonious addresses in some other symbolical language. She requested permission of her mother, to place a few flower-pots before the window, and as the old lady, from no longer seeing her once prying neighbour, no longer dreaded him, she saw no harm in indulging Mela in this innocent amusement, and readily granted her request.

To cultivate these flowers, to water them and bind them to the sticks, as likewise to observe

them growing and putting forth leaves and buds, now gave Mela a frequent opportunity of being at the window. With inexpressible delight did the happy lover explain these hieroglyphics to his advantage, and the eloquent lute did not fail to waft his joyful feelings acrossthe narrow lane to the attentive ears of the fair gardener. This had a powerful effect on her tender virgin heart. She began to feel offended, when her mother, in the long discourse with which she sometimes entertained her after dinner, took the melodious neighbour for the theme of her harangue, and called him a spendthrift, a worthless fellow, and an idler; and compared him to the prodigal son. Mela even ventured, though with great caution, to take his part on such occasions; she attributed his folly to youthful imprudence, and the seductions of others, and only accused him of not having remembered in time, the proverb, which says: Spare to day, it may rain to-morrow.

While mother Brigitta, in her own house, thus censured the young spendthrift, he felt kindly disposed towards her, and thought with great earnestness how he might, as far as his own

own poverty permitted, improve her circumstances, without allowing her to know that she owed him any obligation. He meant, indeed, by his gifts, to assist the daughter more than the mother. He had received secret intelligence that Mela desired very much to have a new dress which her mother had refused her, under the pretext of bad times. He was greatly afraid that the present of a gown piece, from an unknown hand, would not be received, and that all his hopes would be ruined were he to name himself as the giver. Chance unexpectedly procured him an opportunity of arranging every thing according to his wishes.

Mother Brigitta complained to a neighbour that the crop of lint having entirely failed, it cost more than her customers liked to pay for it, and this branch of trade, was therefore, at present, quite unprofitable. Frank did not wait for this to be repeated, before he hurried to a goldsmith, sold a pair of his mother's gold earrings, bought a quantity of lint and sent a woman, whom he bribed for that purpose, to offer it to his neighbour, at a very moderate price. The bargain was soon concluded, and

proved so favourable, that the fair Mela shone on All-Saints-day in an elegant new dress.

In this state, she charmed her watchful neighbour to such a degree, that, if he had had permission to chose a sweetheart from among the 'eleven' thousand virgins, he would have rejected them all for his beloved Mela.

But, at the very moment that he prided himself in the success of this innocent stratagem, his secret was betrayed. Mother Brigitta, wishing to show a kindness to the woman who had, through the sale of the lint, done her so great a service, invited her to a feast, very common in those days, before tea or coffee were introduced into use, of rice milk, nicely sweetened with sugar, and spiced, and a bottle of spanish wine. These dainties not only set the toothless gums of the old lady in motion, but also loosened her tongue. She promised to bring more lint at the same price, provided her merchant should be willing, which, as she said, for very good reasons she could not doubt. One word brought on the other; mother Brigitta and and her daughter inquired with the inherent

curiosity of their sex, till the brittle seal of female discretion was demolished. Mela grew pale with terror at this discovery, which would have delighted her if her mother had not been a party to it. But she knew her strict notions of decency and decorum, and consequently was in dread for her new frock. The severe matron was equally astonished and displeased at this unexpected intelligence; and heartily wished that she alone might have been informed of it, fearing their neighbour's generosity might make an impression on her daughter's heart, and thus prove fatal to her plans. She prudently resolved to take the most decisive measures at once to destroy every seed of love which might be hidden in the virgin heart of Mela. The new frock, in spite of the tears and intreaties of the lovely possessor, was sent on the following day to be sold, and the price of it, with the money she had gained by the sale of the lint, was packed up, and, under the name of an old debt with the assistance of the Hamburg mercantile messenger returned to Frank, who received the sum as an unexpected blessing,

and wished that all the debtors of his father might prove as punctual in their payments as this honest Unknown. The real state of the case never once occurred to him, and his gossipping assistant took care not to disclose her treachery; simply telling him that mother Brigitta had left off her lint trade.

His looking-glass soon told him, however, that a great change had taken place opposite during one night. The flower-pots had all vanished and the curtains were again close drawn before the window. Mela was rarely visible, and, when she appeared like the silvery moon breaking from behind the dark clouds of a stormy night, her looks were mournful, and he even thought he saw her wipe away a tear. This filled his heart with sorrow; and his lute, in soft lydian tones, expressed his sympathetic grief. He teazed himself to discover the cause of his sweetheart's melancholy, but without success. A few days afterwards, he observed that his looking-glass was quite useless, as it no longer reflected the fair form of Mela. On going to examine the cause, he discovered that

all the curtains had been taken away, and that the rooms were uninhabited; his fair neighbours had left their quarters the evening before in perfect silence.

He was now indeed free to enjoy the fresh air and the view into the narrow street, without offending any body, but this was to him no compensation, for having lost the occasional sight of the dear object of his affections.

When he had a little recovered himself from the first painful shock, this circumstance led him to make many useful reflections. He suspected that he had been the cause of the ladies' flight. The money he had received, the breaking up of the trade in lint, and how the emigration, all rushed on his mind, and seemed to explain one another. He concluded that mother Brigitta had found out his secret, and that he was far from being her favourite, which did not serve to revive his hopes. The symbolic answers however, which the fair Mela had given, by means of the flowers, to his melodious offers of his heart; her subsequent melancholy, and the tears he had seen her shed shortly before she

went away, inspired him with confidence and courage. His first care was to discover mother Brigitta's new abode, that he might be enabled, by some means or other, to continue his secret communication with her lovely daughter. This cost him only a little trouble, but he was too discreet to follow them, by likewise changing his residence; he contented himself with ascertaining the church where they went to mass, that he might have the satisfaction of daily seeing his beloved. He never forgot to lie in wait for them on their way home; sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, and then he always greeted Mela kindly, which was equal to a billet-doux.

If Mela had not been brought up like a nun, and if mother Brigitta had not watched her as carefully as the miser does his treasure, Frank's secret wooing would have made little or no impression on her heart. But she was exactly at that critical period of life, when nature, and a careful mother, usually teach very different lessons. The former creates a series of new and warm feelings which she teaches the maiden, to regard as the very panacea of

life; the latter carefully warns her charge against the surprizes of a nameless passion, which she describes, as more dangerous and destructive than the most baneful disease; the former enlivens her heart in the spring of life with that genial warmth which is proper to the season; the latter would have her remain always as cold and cheerless as an ice-cave. These opposite systems of two equally kind mothers, caused the flexible heart of the maiden to be never strictly obedient to either, and influenced by both these opposing means, she took a path that was dictated by neither. Mela prized the virtue and decency her education had taught her to respect, but her heart grew susceptible of the most tender impressions. Frank was the first youth who had awakened nature's dormant feelings, and she had a secret inclination towards him, which she scarcely avowed to herself, but which every less inexperienced maiden would have called love; and leaving his neighbourhood, therefore, grieved her very much. It had at first filled her beautiful eyes with tears; and now made her kindly

return Frank's salutation with sweet blushes, as he met her and her mother on their way from church. The two lovers had never yet exchanged one word; but he understood her and she him, so well, that words could not have made them understand each other more distinctly, even if by themselves; and both parties vowed in their hearts, to preserve the greatest secrecy, and be eternally faithful.

In the quarter where mother Brigitta now resided, there were not wanting persons who made it their business to hunt out the most beautiful maidens and by them the charms of the fair Mela did not long remain unnoticed.

Directly opposite to their humble lodgings, lived an opulent brewer, whom the witlings of the day chose to call the king of hops, on account of his great wealth. He was a spruce young widower, whose time of mourning was just drawing to a close, and who, without offending the laws of decorum, might now look out for a second help-mate. Immediately after the decease of his late wife, he had, in the greatest secrecy made a pact with his patron St. Christo-

pher, and promised to present him with a wax candle as large as a hop-pole, if he would grant him, in a second wife, the happiness he had hoped, in vain, to find with the first.

Scarcely had he seen the fair Mela, when hedreamt that St. Christopher looked into his bed-room window on the second floor, and reminded him of his promise. This appeared to the lusty widower, an indication from his patron saint, that great happiness would be his lot, and he resolved immediately to try his fortune.

Early the next morning he commanded a large quantity of well-bleached wax; he then made himself as smart as possible, and sallied forth on his marriage business. He had no taste for music, and was ignorant of all the secret symbols and expressions of love; but his brewery was extensive; he had, besides, a large capital lent out at interest; a ship in the Weser, and a farm near the town. With such recommendations, he might have looked for success, even without the help of St. Christopher, especially with a maiden who had no marriage portion.

According to the old custom, he went immediately to mother Brigitta, and, like a kind and affectionate neighbour, declared to her the honest intentions he had, in respect to her virtuous and modest daughter. The appearance of a saint or an angel, could not have delighted the good old lady, more than this joyful piece of news. She now saw her well-laid plans about to be accomplished, and her long deferred hopes gratified. She saw herself already rescued from her poverty, and again surrounded by opulence. She blessed the circumstances that induced her to leave her former habitation; and, in the first spring of joy, looking on Frank as partly the cause of this, she thought with kindness even of him. Though he had never been a favourite with her, still she promised herself to make him, by some means or other, a sharer in her prosperity.

In her heart, she regarded the marriage articles, as already signed, but decency required her to take some time for deliberation in so weighty an affair; she therefore thanked the honourable suitor for his good intentions; promised

to consult with her daughter, on his proposal; and to give him, as she hoped, a favourable answer at the end of eight days. With this, he seemed very well pleased, and politely took his leave.

He had scarcely turned his back, when the spinning-wheel, the reel and heckel, in spite of their faithful services, were banished as useless articles to the lumber room. When Mela returned from church, she was astonished at observing this sudden alteration in their parlour, where every thing had been put in order, as if it were one of the three high festivals of the church. But she was still more astonished at observing her mother, who was usually industrious, sitting idle on a week-day, and smiling in such a way as to shew she had not met with any disaster. Before she could ask her, however, about this change in the house, the latter gave an explanation of the miracle. Conviction was in her own heart, and a stream of female eloquence flowed from her lips, as she described, in the most glowing colours she could find in the range of her imagi-

nation, the happiness which awaited them. She expected from her daughter, the gentle blush of virgin modesty, the forerunner of love, and then, a complete resignation to her will. For, in those times, daughters were exactly in the same situation as to marriage, as princesses at present. Their inclinations were never consulted, and they had nothing further to say in the choice of their husbands, than to give their assent at the altar.

Mother Brigitta, however, was much mistaken in her expectations; the fair Mela, far from blushing like a rose at this unexpected piece of news, grew pale as death, and fell fainting into her mother's arms. After she had been recalled to life and consciousness by the application of cold water, her eyes were suffused with tears, as if a great misfortune had befallen her. The experienced matron was soon convinced that the offer of the rich brewer was not received with a willing heart by her daughter, of which she was much astonished, and spared neither prayers nor advice in her endeavours to persuade Mela not to neglect this opportunity of acquiring a rich husband. But Mela

was not to be persuaded that her happiness depended upon a match, to which her heart denied its assent. Their debates on this subject continued for several days, both early and late; the time for giving an answer approached; the gigantic candle intended for St. Christopher, of which, the king of Basan might have been proud, had it been used at his wedding, was ready, and beautifully painted with many coloured flowers, although the saint had so completely neglected the affairs of his client, that the heart of the fair Mela remained shut up and barred against him.

Her mother's wishes and persuasions in the meantime affected her so powerfully, that she became almost blind from continually weeping, and faded away like a blighted flower. Grief gnawed at her heart, and for three days she had tasted no food, nor wetted her parched lips even with a drop of water. Sleep came not to quiet and to sooth her; she fell dangerously ill, and demanded the priest to confess her, and give her the sacrament. The tender mother thus saw the pillar of her hope give

way; she reflected that she might lose her daughter, and with her the possibility of success, and resolved, after a mature consideration, that it would be wiser to resign the present flattering prospect than run the risk of hurrying her daughter to an early grave; she kindly, therefore, gave up her own wishes to gratify those of her daughter. It cost her many a severe pang to decline such an advantageous alliance; but she at length submitted, like a good mother, to the superior authority of the dear child, and even gave up reproaching her. When the ready widower appeared on the appointed day firmly believing that his heavenly mediator had settled every thing in his favour, to his astonishment he met with a refusal, sweetened however, with so much politeness, that it was like wormwood covered with sugar. He soon resigned himself to his fate, and was no more affected than if a bargain for malt had been broken off. Indeed, he had no reason to despair; his native city has never experienced any want of amiable maidens, answering to Solomon's description, and well qualified to make

excellent wives; in spite also of this failure, he relied with great confidence on the assistance of his patron saint, who, indeed, served him so well, that, before the end of the month, he placed with great pomp the promised gift on the altar of St. Christopher.

Mother Brigitta was now obliged to bring back the exiled spinning-wheel, and again to put it into activity. Every thing soon returned into its usual course. Mela recovered her health, her bloom and her cheerfulness; she was active at her work, and went regularly to mass. But her mother would not conceal her grief for the destruction of her favourite plan, and the loss of her best hope. She became peevish, discontented and melancholy. On the day on which the king of hops celebrated his wedding, she was particularly bad, and suffered great pain and uneasiness. When the festive train moved on towards the church, accompanied by all the pipers and trumpeters of the city, she sighed and groaned, as at the hour when she first heard that the raging waves had swallowed her husband and all his fortune. Mela

saw the bridal festivities with great composure; even the beautiful jewels, the precious stones in the bridal crown, and the nine rows of large pearls round the neck of the bride, could not disturb her quiet, which is rather astonishing, as a new bonnet from Paris, or some other fashionable trifle is sufficient, at times, to disturb the domestic peace of whole families. Nothing diminished her happiness, but the grief of her kind mother which made her extremely uneasy.

She tried, by a thousand little attentions and caresses, to coax her into a better humour; and she succeeded so far, that her poor mother became at least communicative.

Towards the evening, when the dance began, she said: "Oh my daughter, you might at this moment be leading this dance! What happiness would it be for me, if you rewarded me in this manner for all my care and trouble. But you have turned away from fortune when she smiled on you, and now I shall not live to accompany you to the altar."

"Confide in heaven, my dear mother," ans-

wered Mela, "as I must, if it is there ordained that I shall go to the altar, you will live to adorn me with the bridal garment, and, when the right suitor comes, my heart will soon assent."

"Child, child," replied the prudent mother, portionless maidens are not much sought after; they must accept those who will have them. Young men are, in our days, more selfish than otherwise; they only marry when it suits themselves, and never think of the bashfulness of others. The heavens are not favourable to you, the planets have been consulted, and they are seldom auspicious to those born as you were in April. Let us see what says the almanack? 'Maidens born in this month bear kindly pleasant countenances, and are of a slender form, but they are changeable in their inclinations, like the weather, and must guard well the virgin mood. When a smiling suitor comes let them not regret his offer.' See how well that answers! The suitor has come, and none will come hereafter, for you have rejected his offer."

"Oh mother! mother! do not mind what the planet says, my heart tells me that I ought to love and honour the man who takes me for his wife, and if I find no such man, or am sought after by none such, I will remain single all my life, and maintain myself by the work of my hands; will keep a joyful heart, and assist and nurse you in your old age, as becomes a pious daughter. But, if the man of my choice should come, then, oh mother! bless him and me, that your child may be happy: and do not ask whether he be great, honoured, and rich, but whether he loves me and is beloved."

"Love, my daughter, has but a scanty larder, and is not sufficient to live on."

"But where it exists, mother, peace and content dwell, and convert into luxuries the meanest food."

This inexhaustible subject kept the two females awake as long as the fiddles at the marriage feast were heard, and Mother Brigitta could not help suspecting that Mela's equanimity, which, in the pride of youth and beauty, made her indifferent for riches, was supported

by some secret inclination of her virgin heart. And she even guessed right as to the object, though hitherto she had never suspected the lint merchant from the narrow street to occupy a place in her daughter's heart. She had looked on him merely as a wild youth, wooing every maiden that came within his view. This discovery, therefore, gave her no pleasure, but she held her peace. According to her strict notions of morality, she thought a maiden who allowed love to enter her heart before marriage, was like a cankered apple, the maggot is within, though it may still look well outside, and serve to adorn a mantle-piece, yet it has lost its value and hastens to destruction. The old lady now despaired of once more regaining her old station in her native city, she resigned herself to her fate, and bore in silence what she thought could not be mended.

The report of Mela's having refused the rich brewer, soon got abroad, and even reached the ears of Frank, who was overjoyed, for it took away all his fears, that at some time or other a rich suitor might supplant him in Mela's heart.

He now knew what he had to hope, and could easily solve the problem which remained inexplicable to the wise inhabitants of Bremen. Love had converted the profligate youth into a clever musician, but unluckily, that character was not a very powerful recommendation for a suitor in those times, it being neither so much honoured, nor so well paid as at present. The fine arts were not then the handmaids of affluence and prosperity, but confined their votaries to poverty and want. No other travelling musicians were then known, but Bohemian students, whose noisy shrill symphonies solicited alms at the doors of the opulent. A serenade was all Frank had to give, and the beloved maiden had made too great a sacrifice, for him to be rewarded by it only. At this time the thought of his former behaviour became a thorn in his bosom. Many a monologue he began, with execrations against his own madness. Oh Mela, Mela! he sighed, why did I not know you before, you would have been my protecting angel, and might have saved me from ruin.

Could I recall my lost years, could I be once

more what I was, when I began my mad career, the world would be an Eden to me, and I would make it an Eden to you. Noble maiden! you sacrifice yourself for a wretch, a beggar, who has no other patrimony, but a heart filled with love and despair, because he cannot offer you a fate worthy of your virtues! A thousand times he struck his forehead during these fits of phrensied discontent, calling himself a thoughtless wretch! a fool! too late comes thy repentance!

Despair was not however, the only fruit of his reflections. The powers of his mind were roused; a warm desire arose to alter his present condition, by exertion and activity, and he was induced to try what he could effect. Among the many means he thought of as likely to mend his fortune, the one which promised most success, and which appeared most rational, was to look over all his late father's accounts, and find out what debts were still due to him. With these fragments of a once princely fortune; should he be fortunate enough to collect them, he hoped to lay the foundation of another; if not

as large as that he had lost, yet sufficient for all the purposes of life. His project was to employ whatever sum he could collect, in business, which he expected would increase by degrees, till his imagination flattered him, his ships should visit every part of the world. Many of these debts he found were unfortunately due from correspondents at distant places, and he was soon convinced that he should have a much greater chance of success, if he were to go in person to claim his own. He accordingly sold his father's gold watch, the only remains of his inheritance to enable him to buy a horse which was to carry him into the world under the title of a Bremen merchant.

The only regret he felt, was occasioned by the separation from his beloved Mela. "What will she think of my sudden disappearance?" he said to himself, "I shall meet her no longer on her way home from church: will she not think me faithless, and banish me from her heart?" This idea made him very uneasy, and, for some time, he could discover no means to inform her of his intentions. Inventive love, however, soon

inspired him with the happy thought of communicating the cause of his absence to her, by having prayers put up for his success, in that church where Mela and her mother generally attended. For this purpose he gave the priest a small sum of money to offer up a daily prayer for a young man obliged to travel abroad, and for success in his undertaking. This prayer was to be continued till his return, when he was to purchase a thanksgiving.

The last time he met Mela he was dressed for his journey; he passed quite close by her and his salutation more open and marked than usual, was as full of meaning as he could make it. She blushed, and mother Brigitta scolded, making many unpleasant remarks, and plainly expressed her vexation at the impudence of the young fellow who meant to ruin her daughter's reputation, which theme she animadverted on the whole day. Frank however, was not seen any longer in Bremen, and was often sought after by the most lovely eyes in his native city.

Mela heard the prayer read very often, that

was in fact directed more for her ears, than for the gates of heaven, but she paid no attention to it, so much was she grieved at the disappearance of her lover. The words which might have explained it, fell an empty sound on her ear, and she knew not what to think. At the expiration of a month or two, when her grief had become milder and his absence less tormenting, she one day had been thinking of him during the sermon, and for the first time connecting the prayer with him and his absence, and all the accompanying circumstances, she suddenly divined its meaning, wondered at her own stupidity in not before discovering it, and in her heart admired and praised the ingenious device. It is true that these prayers have no very high reputation for efficacy, and are but a weak support for those pious persons who rely upon them. The warmth of devotion is generally nea ly exhausted at the end of the sermon, but in Mela it only then began; the prayers at the end of the service gave new ardour to her piety, and she never omitted to recommend the young traveller very particularly to both his and her patron saint.

Under the guidance of these invisible protectors, and accompanied by the fervent wishes of his darling Mela, Frank in the mean time pursued his way towards Antwerp, where the principal debtors of his father resided, and where he hoped to recover several not inconsiderable sums. A journey from Bremen to Antwerp was, in those times, more dangerous than a journey from Bremen to Kamschatka at present. The general peace which the emperor Maximilian had proclaimed throughout the empire, was then very little observed, and the highways were infested in every part with nobles and knights, who waylaid and despoiled those travellers who did not purchase from them a permission to travel in safety, and who not unfrequently condemned the victims of their rapacity to a lingering death, in the subterraneous dungeons of their castles. Our solitary rider succeeded however in spite of all these dangers in reaching the end of his journey, without meeting any, save the following adventure.

While travelling over the sandy and thinly peopled plains of Westphalia, he was overtaken by night before he could reach any

inn or place of rest. The day had been unusually sultry, and darkness was accompanied by a thunderstorm, and a shower of rain, which soon drenched him to the skin. This was extremely inconvenient to the spoiled youth, who had never been accustomed even to the changes of the weather, and he thought, with actual horror, that he should perhaps be compelled to pass the night in this forlorn situation. When the storm had blown over, he discovered, to his great consolation, a light at some little distance, and on riding towards it he soon reached a miserable hut, which promised him little comfort. It was more like a cattle stall than the habitation of men, and the inhospitable owner even refused him entrance; being just about to share the straw with his oxen, he was too sleepy to light his fire again for the sake of a stranger. Frank first lamented piteously, and seeing he made no impression, he began to curse the Westphalian desarts, and their inhabitants, but with no better success, the peasant extinguished his lamp with the great-

est composure, without taking any further notice of the stranger, so completely ignorant was he of the laws of hospitality. But, as our hero continued to threaten and thunder at the door, the boor was obliged to get rid of him to enjoy his own night's rest, and therefore broke his silence: "If you wish to get a good supper, friend, and a soft bed, you would be sadly disappointed in my hut, but ride through the little wood on your left hand, and you will come to the castle of Sir Egbert of Bronkhurst, who welcomes every traveller as a knight hospitaller does the pilgrims from the Holy Land. Sometimes, indeed, he is seized with a fit of madness, and then he never parts with his guests without giving them first a sound drubbing. If you will venture on that risk, you will find in other respects a kind reception."

Frank was for a while uncertain how to act, but at length he resolved to run the risk of the beating rather than remain the whole night in his wet clothes. There was little to choose, he thought, even if he should get into the hut, be-

tween spending the night on a wooden bench without supper, and a few stripes in the morning after a good supper and bed. "Perhaps," said he, "the castigation may drive away the fever which I am sure to catch, and which will torment me sadly, if I remain in this condition. He spurred his horse on, and reached, in a few minutes, the gates of a gothic castle, at which he knocked pretty audibly, and was answered by as loud a "Who is there?" from within. He replied, and asked impatiently for admission, but was obliged to wait till the porter went to inquire whether Sir Egbert was disposed to barter a night's lodging, for the privilege of thumping his guest on the morrow.

Sir Egbert, a brave knight, had entered in very early youth the army of the emperor, and had served under the celebrated George of Frondsberg, and, at a later period, commanded a company against the Venetians. He then retired from service, and settled on his estate, there to repent of the sins of his youth; he opened his castle-gates to the hungry, the thirsty, or the houseless traveller; and, after

treating him like a prince, he horsewhipped him out of his house like a vagrant or a thief. He was a rough soldier who could not divest himself of the manners of a camp, though he had now for many years lived in peace and retirement. Frank had not waited many minutes before the bars of the gate were withdrawn, and it opened with a melancholy noise, as if to give warning to the approaching stranger. Our traveller felt a cold shivering come over him as he entered the yard. He was, however, very well received, several domestics came to assist him in dismounting; one took his baggage into the house, another took his horse to the stables, and a third ushered him into a well lighted hall where he found Sir Egbert.

The warlike appearance of the athletic knight, apparently still in the vigour of life, full of fire and strength, who rose to meet his guest, and shook him by the hand till he almost screamed with pain, filled Frank with fear and awe; he could not conceal his terror, but trembled from head to foot.

"What ails you, young man," asked the

knight, in a voice of thunder, "that you tremble and grow pale, as if in the clutches of death?" Frank felt that it was now too late to retract, and, being convinced that he was likely to pay dear for his fare, he summed up all his courage, and assumed even an impudent air to conceal his cowardice.

"Sir knight," he boldly replied, "the rain has drenched me as if I had swam through the Weser; I want, therefore, to change my wet clothes, and to get a good warm posset to banish these shiverings, which seem like the commencement of an ague, but a warm draught is most likely to cure me."

"Well said," replied the knight; "make yourself at home, and ask for what you want."

Frank made the servants wait on him, as if he had been the grand Turk, and, having only blows to expect, he did not care if he deserved them. He therefore teazed the servants about him in every possible way.

"This doublet," said he, "is made for a big bellied abbot, bring me one that fits me. These slippers hurt my corns, bring me a softer and

larger pair. This collar is as stiff as a board, and almost throttles me, bring me one that is not so much starched." The master of the house, so far from shewing any displeasure at these bremish liberties, even drove his servants to fulfil Frank's commands, and called them blockheads, who knew not how to wait on his guest. When the posset was ready, both landlord and guest, partook heartily of it. Soon afterwards the former said:

"Will you take some supper, young sir?"

"Let them put on table," answered Frank, "what the cook has at hand, that I may see whether your larder is well supplied."

Orders were accordingly given, and the servants soon afterwards served up an excellent supper, fit for a prince. Frank sat down to it, and waited not till he was pressed, to eat voraciously. After having satisfied his hunger, he said: "Your larder is indifferently well supplied if your cellar be the same, I shall have to praise your house-keeping."

The knight made a sign to the butler, to fill a goblet with common table wine, which he did,

and offered it to his master, who emptied it to the health of his guest. Frank did not fail to pledge him, and after he had also emptied the goblet, the knight asked: "What do you think of this wine?"

"It's poor stuff," replied Frank, "if it is your best, but tolerably good, if it is only your table drink."

"You are a connoisseur," answered Sir Egbert, and bid the butler bring some of the best.

When Frank had tasted this, he said: "That is a noble beverage, let us keep to this."

The goblets were filled accordingly, and the knight and his guest drank together, till both became merry and pleased with each other. Sir Egbert began to talk of his campaigns, and told his guest how he had fought against the Venetians, broke through their encampments, and had killed them like so many sheep. This subject awakened the enthusiasm of the old soldier; he threw down bottles and glasses, brandished the carving-knife like a sword, and pressed so close on his companion, that the latter began to fear for his nose and ears.

The knight seemed quite in his element, when talking of his campaigns against the Venetians, and, though it grew late, he seemed to have no disposition to sleep. His description became more lively at every goblet he emptied; and Frank became apprehensive, lest this might be the prologue to the principal action, in which he was to perform the most conspicuous, though the least agreeable part. He wished to learn at once, where he was to pass the night; and, therefore, asked for the parting cup, expecting that the knight would now begin to press him to drink, and, if he did not, would make his refusal the ground for a quarrel, and send him away with his usual quantum of blows, according to the custom of the house. Contrary to his expectation, however, his request was immediately complied with. The knight broke off his story, saying: "Every thing in proper time, more to morrow."

"Pardon me, sir knight," replied Frank, "to-morrow, I shall be far from here. I have a long journey before me to Brabant, and must depart early. I shall therefore bid you fare-

well, to-night, that my departure may not disturb your rest in the morning."

"Do as you choose," said the knight, "but you shall not leave my house till I am up, and have seen you refreshed by a morning's repast; and then I will accompany you to the gates, and part with you according to the custom of my house."

Frank needed no commentary to explain these words. He would willingly have dispensed with the last civilities of his landlord, but he did not seem disposed to depart from the usual ceremonies. He ordered the servants to shew the stranger into the bed chamber, and soon Frank was safely deposited in an excellent bed of down. Before he fell asleep, he could not help confessing to himself, that such a lordly entertainment was not too dearly bought, by a moderate beating. Pleasant dreams took possession of his imagination. He saw his beloved Mela, walking about among roses with her mother, gathering the beautiful flowers, and he quickly concealed himself behind a thick hedge, not to be seen

by the severe old lady. Again, he was transported into his old lodgings, and saw the snow-white hand of the maiden, busy among the flowers. Then he sat beside her in the grass, and wished to talk of love, but was so bashful, he could find no words for it. He might have dreamt thus till mid-day, if the loud voice and the trampling of the knight, who was already booted and spurred, had not awakened him at day-break. Frank heard the butler and cook ordered to prepare a good breakfast, and the other servants to be ready, to wait on and dress him at his rising.

The happy dreamer parted very reluctantly from his safe and hospitable bed: but the loud voice of his landlord deprived him of all desire to sleep; he knew he must get up, and therefore did; a dozen hands were immediately busy about him; and, when he was dressed, the knight himself came and led him into the hall, where he found a small but well covered table. As the scene drew towards a close, however, our traveller had little appetite. His landlord encouraged him to eat, or at least to take something to

tect himself against the coolness of the morning.

"Sir knight," said Frank, "your supper was too good to allow me to relish my breakfast; but, with your leave, I will fill my pockets to be provided against hunger when it comes." He accordingly took the best and richest that was on the table, and crammed his pockets well. When his horse, well cleaned, bridled and saddled, was brought to the door, he drank in a glass of cordial to the health and welfare of his host, expecting that would be the signal for his being seized on and soundly beat.

But, to his great astonishment, the knight shook him as kindly by the hand as when he first met him, wished him a good journey, and the servants opened the gates. He mounted his horse, spurred him rapidly on, and was in a few minutes outside of the gate, without a hair on his head being injured.

A heavy load fell from his heart when he saw himself at liberty, without having received the expected beating. He could not conceive why his host should have spared him contrary

to his general custom, and was now first grateful for the hospitable knight's kindness; he felt a great curiosity to know whether there was any foundation in the report he had heard, and, therefore, turned his horse's head and rode back. The knight was still standing at the gate, making observations on the shape and breed of Frank's horse, breeding horses being his own favourite pursuit. He thought his guest had missed some part of his baggage, and looked with displeasure on his servants. "What do you want, young man?" he called out to Frank, as he approached, "why do you return when you intended to pursue your journey?"

"To have one word with you, sir, knight," said the rider. "A malicious report to the ruin of your good name and reputation, says, that you receive all strangers well, but that you beat them soundly before you allow them to depart. Relying on this report, I have done all I could to deserve the parting salutation, and you have allowed me to depart in peace, without making me pay the customary reckoning. This astonishes me. Tell me, therefore,

is there any foundation for this report, or shall I give the foul defamers the lie?"

To this the knight replied: "Report has, in this instance, told the truth; and there is no such saying among the people quite destitute of foundation. I shall explain to you, however, the real circumstances of this affair. I receive every stranger who comes to my gates, and share my food and my goblet with him. But I am a simple German of the old school, who speaks as he thinks, and I expect that my guests should be also cheerful and confident, and enjoy with me what I have, and freely ask for what they want. But there are some people who teaze me with all sorts of follies, and make a fool of me, with their bowing and scraping, who never speak openly, and use many words without sense or meaning; they want to flatter me with their smooth tongues, and behave at meals like foolish women. If I say eat! they take with great apparent reluctance a miserable bone which I should not offer to my dog: if I say drink! they scarcely wet their lips with the good wine, as if they despised the bounties

of God. They carry their follies to so great a length, that I scarcely know what to do in my own house. They put me at last into a passion, I seize them by the collar, cudgel them soundly, and turn them out of my doors. This is my plan, and I treat every guest thus, whom I find troublesome. But a man like you is always welcome to my house. You spoke your mind openly and freely, as the good people of Bremen always do. Let me see you again, therefore, on your return, and now farewell." After these words Frank departed, and continued his journey towards Antwerp with renewed strength and courage, sincerely wishing he might every where meet with as kind a reception as at the castle of Sir Egbert of Brockhost. At his first entrance into that city, the queen of the cities of Brabant, his hopes were raised to a high pitch. Opulence and luxury were every where visible, and it seemed as if want and poverty were banished from this seat of industry. "My father's debtors," he said to himself, "must most likely be sharing in this general wealth; and have again improved their

circumstances, and will be ready to pay me if I produce my documents to prove my demands are just." After he had recovered from the fatigues of his journey, he made some enquiries concerning the circumstances of some of his debtors, before he went to call on them. "How is it with Peter Martens?" he asked his companions at table, "is he still living, and does he thrive?"

"Peter Martens is a wealthy man," replied one of the company, "and drives a flourishing trade."

"Is Fabian of Plurs in good circumstances?"

"Oh, he scarcely knows how to employ his immense capital; he is one of the council, and his woollen manfactures give him ample profits."

"Is Jonathan Prishkûr also in a thriving way?"

"He would be now worth a plum, if the emperor Maximilian had not allowed the French to steal his bride.* Jonathan had orders to furnish the lace for her marriage clothes, but the emperor has broke his bargain

* Ann of Bretagne.

with the merchant, as the bride broke her'r with him. If you have a sweetheart, to whom you wish to make a present of some fine lace, I dare say," continued the speaker, "he will let you have what he intended for the princess at half price."

"Has the house of the Bute Kant failed, or does it still carry on business?"

"Some years ago it was tottering, but the Spanish *Caravelles** have helped to prop it up so that it seems now likely to stand."

Frank inquired after several other houses or persons, on whom he had demands, he learned that the most of them, who had in his father's time stopped payment, were now flourishing, which confirmed his opinion, that a seasonable bankruptcy was a sure foundation for after prosperity. This news served to cheer up his spirits; he arranged his papers, and presented the old bills at their proper places. But he experienced from the people of Antwerp, the same treatment which his travelling fellow-

* The name of the Spanish ships, which traded in those times to America.

citizens of the present day experience from the shop-keepers in the provincial towns of Germany: every body treats them politely, except when they come to receive money: some would know nothing of their old debts, or said they had all been settled at the time of their bankruptcy, and it was the fault of the creditor if he had not accepted payment. Others did not remember Melchior of Bremen, they opened their infallible books, and found nothing posted under that name. Some brought forth a large charge against Frank's father; and, before the expiration of three days, he was safely shut up in prison to answer for them, and was not to be released till he had paid the last farthing.

These were not pleasant prospects for a young man, who confiding in the honesty of the people of Antwerp, had placed his hopes on them as the patrons of his fortune, and who now saw at once the fair bubble vanish into nothing. He felt in his narrow lodging all the torments of a soul in purgatory. He saw his vessel wrecked in the very harbour, where he deemed himself safe from the storms; every

thought of Mela was a dagger to his heart; for he saw no longer, even the shadow of a possibility, to rise once more from the whirlpool, in which he had sunk. Indeed, had he succeeded to get his head once more above water, he knew, that she was on her side, perfectly unable to assist him farther.

A silent despair took possession of his heart; he had no other wish but to die, and thus to end his torments. He did, in fact, make an attempt to starve himself to death, but that is not in every body's power; a healthy young stomach does not so easily submit to the decrees of the head or the heart. After having abstained for two days from all food, such a violent hunger seized him, that it was impossible to withstand its dictates; and his resolution was conquered by the sight of a crust of bread.

It was not, however, the intention of the hard-hearted citizens of Antwerp, to get money from their pretended debtor, but only to make him give up his claims on their money, as they could not deny the justice of his demands. Either the prayers from the pulpit at Bremen

reached the porch of heaven, or his supposed creditors were not desirous of keeping a troublesome boarder for any length of time; but, at the end of three months, Frank was liberated from prison, upon condition that he would leave the city within four and twenty hours, and never return to it. He received, at the same time, a small sum of money, to pay the expences of his journey home. Justice had seized on his horse and on his baggage, to pay for the law proceedings and for his board.

With a heavy heart, and no other friend than a walking-stick, poor Frank departed very humbly out of the proud city which he had entered, but a short time ago, with such high flown hopes. Spiritless, thoughtless, and irresolute, he wandered on, without being aware where the road led he had taken. He saluted nobody, asked no questions, and paid no attention to any thing, till hunger and excess of fatigue, obliged him to look out for some place where he might get his wants supplied. He wandered on, without aim or object for many days, ignorant that some instinct had lead him imper-

ceptibly to take the straight road home, when, on a sudden, he seemed to awake as from an unpleasant dream, and became aware of the direction he had taken.

He immediately stopt to consider whether he should go on, or return. Shame and confusion overwhelmed him, when he reflected that he should live like a beggar in his native city, be branded with contempt, and should have to depend upon the benevolence of his fellow-citizens, whom he once surpassed in wealth and ostentation. And how could he think of appearing before Mela in this miserable condition? she would die with shame, and he would be sure to lose her for ever. He did not allow his imagination to finish this melancholy picture; but turned about, and hurried away as if he had already reached the gates of Bremen, and saw the mob ready to greet him with scorn and mockery.

Instantly, he resolved he would try to reach one of the Dutch sea-ports, would enter on board a Spanish ship as a sailor, go to the new world, and not return to his own country, till

he had gained in Peru, where riches abounded, that wealth he had thoughtlessly wasted before he was aware of its value. In this plan, Mela was placed so far at a distance, that she appeared like a shadow he was destined never to catch; but Frank felt a ray of happiness that she was once more entered as a feature in the picture of his future life, and he walked forward with long strides, as if he thought to reach her the sooner for his haste.

He had regained the frontiers of the Netherlands, when he arrived one evening at sunset, at a small town, called Rummelsburg, which was afterwards entirely destroyed, during the thirty years' war. A number of carriers already occupied the tavern, so that there was no place for him; and the landlord bade him go to the next village: in truth, he took him, on account of his present miserable appearance, for the spy of a gang of thieves, who, he supposed, might be on the watch for the goods of the carriers. Frank was therefore obliged, in spite of his great weariness, to prepare for a farther journey and to resume his bundle.

On departing, he uttered bitter complaints and execrations against the hard hearted landlord, who seemed at length, to pity the poor weary stranger, and called after him:

"One word, young fellow: if you wish so very much to stop here for the night, I can provide for you. In the castle yonder, there are plenty of rooms, to which I have the keys; but as it is not inhabited, it may be too solitary for you."

Frank readily accepted this proposal, thanked the landlord for his offer, and only asked for supper and shelter for the night, be it in a palace or a hut. But the host was a wag, who had been offended at Frank's complaints, and meant to revenge himself, by exposing Frank to be tormented by a troublesome ghost, who had haunted the old castle for many years, and frightened away all its inhabitants.

The castle was built on a steep rock, just outside the town immediately opposite the inn, being separated from it only by the high road and a small brook. On account of its pleasant situation, it was still kept in good repair; was well

furnished, and served its present possessor, as a hunting seat. He often spent the day there in great splendour; but, whenever the stars appeared, he left it with all his followers, being terrified by the ghost, who roared and rattled through it all night, but was never seen or heard during the day. However unpleasant a guest this spectre might be to the lord of the castle, in other respects, he was, at least, a perfect protection against thieves or robbers, of whom none would venture near his abode.

It was quite dark when Frank, carrying a lanthern, and accompanied by his host, with a basket, arrived at the gates of the castle. The latter had provided a good supper and a bottle of wine, which he said he would not put in the bill, he had with him likewise two candlesticks and a pair of wax candles; for, in the whole castle, there was neither candlestick nor candles to be found, because nobody ever stopped there after twilight. As they were walking on, Frank, who had observed the heavy basket and the candles, which he thought

would be quite useless to him, and for which he should, nevertheless, be obliged to pay. "The bit of candle in the lanthern is sufficient for me," said he, "till I go to bed, and I hope not to awake before broad day-light, for I am very sleepy and wish to have a long rest."

"I will not conceal from you," said the landlord, "that report says, the castle is haunted by a spectre who walks about at night. But you need not be afraid, we shall be quite near you, should any thing happen, you may easily call out to us, and you will find somebody immediately ready to assist you; with us, people are stirring all night, and there is always somebody at hand. I have lived here now these thirty years, and have never seen any thing. The noise which is sometimes heard at night, is caused, in my opinion, by the cats and other animals, which have taken possession of the garrets."

The landlord spoke the truth, when he said, he had never seen the spectre; for he took good care never to go near the castle at night,

and, during the day, the ghost was invisible; even now, the rogue did not venture to cross the threshold." He opened the door, gave our traveller the basket with the provisions, told him where to go, and wished him good night. Frank entered the hall, without fear or awe, treating the story of the ghost as an idle gossip, or the tradition of some real event, which fancy had converted to something unnatural. He remembered the report concerning Sir Egbert, whose heavy arm he had so needlessly feared and who had treated him with so much kindness. He made it a general rule, always to believe the very contrary of such reports, and quite forgot, as the knight stated, that all reports had their foundation in truth.

Following the direction of his host, he ascended a winding stone stair-case, and came to a door, the key of which the landlord had given him. Here he entered a long dark passage, where his steps resounded from the walls, he passed thence into a large saloon, and afterwards into a row of smaller rooms, well supplied with every thing necessary both for

ornament and comfort. He choose the most cheerful looking one amongst them for his sleeping room; here he found a soft couch, the windows were towards the yard of the tavern, and he could hear every loud word that was spoken there. He lighted the candles, brought out his supper, and eat with as much comfort and ease, as if he had been in his old lodgings at Bremen. A big bellied bottle protected him from thirst. As long as his teeth were employed he found no time to think of the spectre. If he heard a noise at a distance, and fear called out, "Listen! there comes the ghost!" "Courage," answered, "nonsense! the cats are fighting!" But after supper when the feelings of hunger and thirst no longer occupied his attention, he listened to every noise, and fear whispered three anxious thoughts into his ears, before courage could find one answer. To secure him from any sudden attack, he locked and bolted the door, sat down on a stone bench at the window, opened it and looked out, to divert his mind, on the starry heavens, and at the silvery moon. The street below him grew

more and more silent, and, contrary to the assertion of the landlord, that his people were up all night, Frank saw one door closed after another, the lights extinguished, and every part of the inn became as quiet as the grave. The watchman, however, went his round, called out the hour, and the state of the weather, and, to the great consolation of Frank, began to sing an evening hymn directly under the open window, and, had he not been afraid that the man would run away frightened, should he hear himself addressed from the haunted castle, he would fain have began a conversation with him.

In the midst of a populous town, when a man is harassed by silly people, it may appear a pleasant relief to retire to some solitary spot, and philosophize on the charms of solitude. He then represents it as most soothing to the mind, he multiplies its advantages and sighs for its enjoyment. But where such solitude is, as in the island of Juan Fernandez, where one poor shipwrecked sailor lived many years quite alone, in a thick forest at midnight, or in an old uninhabited castle, where damp walls

and unexplored vaults create apprehension and horror, and where nothing gives signs o life, but the mournful ruin-loving owl, theref solitude is hateful, and companions pleasant, especially if the solitary person, like Frank, should expect every moment to see some horrid spectre. In such a situation, a conversation from the window, even with the watchman, may appear more entertaining than the most interesting book, were it even a dissertation on solitude. Had Zimmermann been in Frank's place in the castle of Rummelsburg on the frontiers of Westphalia, he would then probably have planned as interesting a work on the pleasures of society, as troublesome people provoked him to write on solitude.

The midnight hour is said to be the time when the spiritual world begins to live and act, while the more coarse animal kingdom, enjoys repose. For this reason, Frank wished to go to sleep before the critical hour arrived; he shut the window therefore, surveyed once more every corner of his room, and quickly threw himself on the soft couch, greatly to the

delight of his wearied limbs. Sleep, however, came not so soon as he wished. A palpitation which he ascribed to the wine he had drank, kept him awake for some time; during which, he repeated his prayers more fervently than he had done for many years; at length, he fell soundly asleep. After a short time, he awoke with a sudden start, when, on remembering where he was, he heard the town clock strike twelve; which news, the watchman soon afterwards loudly proclaimed. No other noise was, however, heard. Frank listened for some time, and, turning round, was again relapsing into the arms of sleep, when at some distance he heard a door opened, and immediately afterwards shut with a loud crash.

"Woe! woe to me!" whispered fear, "here comes the ghost!" "It is the wind, nothing but the wind," replied courage. But the noise approached nearer and nearer, like the heavy steps of a man, rattling his chains as he moved, or like the chamberlain of some old castle, wandering about his domain changing his bunch of keys. This could not be the wind—

courage vanished, fear drove all the blood to Frank's heart—till it beat, as if too full, and were trying to burst from its confinement.

As the noise approached, the matter appeared quite serious to Frank, and he could not even collect resolution enough, to rise and call from the window, on the people of the inn. He took refuge under his coverlet, which he drew quite over him, as the ostrich is said to hide his head in the grass, when he can no longer escape the enemy. Doors were opened and shut with a terrible noise; and at last, an attempt was made on the door of Frank's retreat. Several keys were tried, and at length, the right one found, still the bars held the door, when at length, a loud crash, like a clap of thunder, burst them asunder and the door flew open. A tall thin man entered, he had a very black beard, was clothed in an old fashioned dress, and had a gloomy expression in his countenance, overhanging brows gave him the appearance of deep thought. A scarlet mantle was thrown over his left shoulder, and his hat was high and pointed. He walked silently through the

room with the same slow and heavy step with which he had approached, looked at the consecrated candles, and even snuffed them. Then he threw off his mantle, opened a bag which he carried under his arm, took out instruments for shaving, and began to sharpen a shining razor on a broad leather strap, which he wore on his belt.

Frank perspired under his downy covering with fear and dread; recommended himself to the protection of the Holy Virgin, and looked forward with great anxiety for the end of this manœuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his beard or for his throat. To his consolation, the spectre poured water from a silver flagon into a basin of the same material, and with his bony hand beat the soap up into foaming suds; placed a chair, and then, with great earnestness, beckoned the terrified Frank from his retreat. It was no more possible to resist this meaning sign, than it generally is to resist the mute who has orders from the grand Turk to bring him the head of some exiled visier. It is the most sensible plan, in such a case, to

make a virtue of necessity, and patiently allow oneself to be throttled. Frank obeyed the order, threw off the mattress, rose from his couch, and took the assigned place on the chair.

The spectre barber put the napkin round the neck of his trembling customer, seized his scissars, and cut off Frank's hair and beard. Then he proceeded to cover his chin, and even his head, with soap lather, and, when this was done, he shaved him smoothly, so completely so that not a hair was left above his shoulders. When the spectre had completed this operation, he washed Frank very clean, dried him carefully, bowed, packed up his implements, resumed his scarlet cloak, and turned to depart. The consecrated candles burned perfectly bright during the whole of the proceeding, and, by the light, Frank saw in the mirror opposite him that the barber had made him like a Chinese pagod. He was vexed at losing his beautiful brown curls, but he breathed freely, being aware that he should escape otherwise unhurt, and that the spectre had no longer any power over him.

The man in the red cloak walked in silence as he had come towards the door, without saying a single word, and seemed quite the reverse of his gossipping brethren; scarcely had he retired three steps, however, when he stood still, looked round with a mournful mien at his well-served customer, and touched his own black beard with his hand. He repeated this ceremony three times, and the third time, when he had his hand on the door. Frank began to think that the ghost wished him to do something for him, and, perhaps, expected from him the same service which he had rendered him.

The barber spectre, in spite of his mournful looks, seemed more disposed to jest than earnest, and as he had played Frank a trick rather than tormented him, the latter had lost all his fear. He therefore beckoned the spectre to take the place in the chair, which he had just left. The ghost obeyed with great alacrity, threw down his cloak, laid the bag on the table, and sat down in the position of a person who is to be shaved. Frank was careful to imitate

the manner in which the ghost had proceeded, cut off the beard and hair with the scissars, and soaped his whole head, while his strange companion sat as still as a statue. The awkward youth had never before had a razor in his hand, knew not how to handle it, and shaved the patient ghost so much against the grain, that the sufferer displayed the oddest grimaces. The ignorant bungler began to be afraid; he remembered the wise precept, "Do not meddle with another man's business," but still he proceeded, he did as well as he could, and shaved the spectre as clean and as bald as he was himself.

Suddenly the ghost found its tongue; "Kindly I thank thee for the great services thou hast rendered me; by thy means I have been released from long captivity, which, for three hundred years bound me within these walls, where my departed spirit was condemned to dwell, till a mortal man should retaliate on me, and treat me as I did others when I was alive.

"Know that, in times of yore, there dwelt

shameless infidel within this castle, who mocked both at priests and laymen. Count Hartman was no body's friend: he acknowledged neither divine nor human laws, and violated the sacred rules of hospitality. The stranger who sought refuge under his roof, the beggar who asked alms of him, was always seized and tormented. I was his barber, flattered his passions, and lived as I chose. Many a pious pilgrim, passing the gates, was invited into the castle; a bath was prepared for him, and, when he meant to enjoy himself, I took hold of him according to orders, shaved him quite bald, and then turned him out of the castle, with scorn and mockery. In such cases Count Hartman used to look out at the window, and to enjoy the sport, particularly if a number of malicious boys collected round the insulted pilgrim, and laughed and mocked at him, calling out after him: "Bald head, bald head!" as the virulent boys of old called after the prophet.

"Once a holy pilgrim came from abroad; like a penitent he carried a heavy cross on his

shoulders, and had the mark of two nails through his hands, two in his feet, and one in his side; his hair was platted like a crown of thorns. He entered and asked for water to wash his feet, and a crust of bread. According to my custom I took him into the bath, and, without respecting his sanctified appearance, I shaved him also quite clean. But the pious pilgrim pronounced a heavy curse on me; "After death, reprobate! heaven and hell, and the iron gates of purgatory, shall be equally inaccessible to thy soul. It shall dwell, as a spectre, within these walls, till a wanderer unasked shall retaliate on thee thy own evil deeds!"

"I grew sick at hearing the curse; the marrow of my bones dried up, and I decayed away gradually, till I became like a shadow; my soul at length separated from its mortal dwelling, but remained within this place, as the holy man had ordered. In vain I expected deliverance from the dreadful chains that bound me to the earth. The repose which the soul languishes for when it is separated from

the body was denied to me, and made every year which I was obliged to pass here an age of woe. I was obliged also, as a further punishment, to continue the business which I had carried on during my life time. But, alas! my appearance soon made this house be deserted, it was very rarely that a pilgrim came to pass the night here, and, though I shaved every one who came as I did you, no one would understand me, and perform for me that service which was to deliver my soul from captivity. Henceforth I shall not haunt this castle. I now go to my long desired repose. Once more I give thee my thanks, young stranger. If I had any hidden treasure at my command, they should all be thine, but I never possessed wealth; in this castle there is no treasure hidden. But listen to my advice. Tarry here till your chin and head are again covered with hair, then return to your native city, and wait on the bridge over the Weser at the time of the autumnal equinox for a friend, who will there meet and tell you what you must do to thrive on earth. When you enjoy affluence, re-

member me, and order three masses to be said for the repose of my soul on every anniversary of this day. Farewell; I now depart hence, never to return."

With these words the spectre vanished, having sufficiently justified, by his talkativeness, his assumption of the character of barber of the castle of Rummelsburg, and left his deliverer full of astonishment at this strange adventure. For a long while he stood motionless, doubting whether the event had really happened, or whether he had been dreaming, but his bald head soon convinced him of the reality of the fact. After wasting some time in reflection, he returned to bed and slept till mid-day.

The waggish landlord had watched from the earliest dawn for the appearance of his guest; he was ready, anticipating the bald head, to receive him with apparent astonishment, but secret laughter, at his nightly adventure. But, when mid-day came, and Frank did not appear, he began to be uneasy and afraid that the ghost might have treated his new guest somewhat roughly, might perhaps have throt-

tled him, or frightened him to death, and it by no means had been his intention to carry his revenge thus far. He went, therefore, accompanied by his servants, in the greatest anxiety to the castle, and hastening, to the door of the room in which he had seen light on the preceding evening, he found a strange key in the door, but it was bolted inside, a precaution Frank had taken after the disappearance of the ghost. He knocked with great violence, and Frank was at last roused by the noise. At first, he thought the ghost intended to pay him a second visit. But, when he heard the voice of the landlord, begging him to give some sign of life, he rose and opened the door.

"By G—d, and all the saints!" said the landlord, lifting up his hands, with apparent horror: "old Red Cloak has been here, and the tradition is no invention! How did he look? What did he do, or say?"

Frank, who understood the cunning of the host, answered: "The ghost looked like a man in a red cloak; what he did, I cannot conceal from you, and I shall always remember his words:"

"Stranger," said he, "never trust the landlord—the man opposite, knew very well what awaited you here. But for this, I will punish him. I shall now leave this castle; and henceforth, I will plague, torment, pinch, and harrass him to the end of his life, at least, if he does not receive you in his house, and supply all your wants, till your head be again covered with hair."

The landlord trembled from head to foot at hearing this threat, crossed himself, and vowed by the Holy Virgin, to keep Frank in his house as long as he chose to stop, immediately conducted him home, and waited on him himself.

Frank acquired a reputation as an exorcist, by the spectre being no longer seen in the castle. He repeatedly slept there, and a young man of the town, who had the courage to keep him company, did not get his head shorn. When the owner of the castle learnt that the terrible spectre no longer haunted his property, he was highly pleased, and sent orders to take great care of the stranger who had freed his castle from such an unpleasant guest.

As autumn approached, and Frank's dark curls again began to cluster about his brows, he became anxious to depart, for his thoughts were all directed towards the friend he was to meet on the bridge over the Weser, and who was to make his fortune. When he was ready to go away, the landlord delivered to him a fine horse, and a well filled purse, which were presents from the owner of the castle, who begged of Frank to accept them, as proofs of his gratitude, for the signal service he had rendered him. Frank returned, therefore, to his native city on horseback, and in as good a condition as he had left it a twelvemonth before. He returned to his old quarters in the narrow street, and remained there very quiet and retired; merely inquiring secretly concerning the fair Mela, he learnt that she was still unmarried, and enjoyed good health, which, for the present, was sufficient for him, as he would not venture to appear before her till his fate was decided, nor even to let her know his arrival.

With the greatest anxiety he looked forward

to the time of the equinox, and his impatience made every day seem like a year. At last the long desired term arrived. The night preceding it, he could not sleep for anxious expectation, his heart beat high, and his blood was ready to burst his veins, as in the castle of Rummelsburg, when the spectre was approaching. Not to make his unknown friend wait, he rose before day-break and immediately went to the bridge which was yet quite deserted. He walked backwards and forwards several times enjoying in his present hopes of fortune the highest degree of earthly happiness; the confidence of seeing our wishes fulfilled, gives to the human mind the full measure of keen delight. Frank imagined several plans of presenting himself to his beloved Mela; when he had obtained possession of his expected wealth, but he could not decide whether it would be more advisable at once to appear before her in all his splendour, or to make her only by degrees aware of the lucky change in his affairs. Curiosity likewise asked a thousand questions. Who may be the friend

that is to meet me here? Will it be one of my old acquaintance, who seem all to have forgotten me since my misfortunes? How will it be in his power to make me happy? Will it be an easy or a difficult affair? But he could solve none of these questions in a satisfactory manner, in spite of all his meditations.

By degrees the bridge became thronged with people, horses, carts, coaches, and foot passengers, who went backward and forward, and a number of beggars of all descriptions came one after another, to take possession of their usual places at this spot so favourable to their trade, and began to work upon the compassion or benevolence of the passengers. The first of the ragged army who asked our hero for alms, was an old soldier, bearing a military mark of honour, a wooden leg, who had lost his limb in the service of his country, and, as the reward of his valour, had received permission to beg wherever he chose. He was a clever physiognomist, and carried on the study of the human heart through the lines of the face with so much success, that he rarely asked alms in

vain. In the present instance he was not mistaken, for Frank, in the joy of his heart, threw a silver coin, about the value of sixpence, in the old man's hat.

During the first hours of the morning, when the lower classes only have begun their labour, and the lazy and opulent citizens are enjoying their morning sleep, Frank did not expect to see his promised benefactor; he imagined it was most likely he should find him among the upper classes of society, and therefore took little notice of the passengers, till the time arrived for the opening the courts of justice, and for the lawyers and magistrates of Bremen to proceed in their stately dresses to the council, and for the wealthy merchants to go to the exchange; at that time he became all attention, and scrutinized closely every person of respectable appearance who passed near him. Hour after hour elapsed, however, dinner time produced a pause in business; the crowd became less, but still the expected friend did not appear. Frank walked backwards and forwards on the bridge, which was again

deserted, nobody remaining except himself and the beggars, who opened their knapsacks and dined on their cold provisions, without quitting their places. Frank had no objection to imitate them, and, as he had no provisions with him, he bought some fruit, and dined as he walked about. All the members of the club who dined on the bridge had taken notice of him from the length of time he had remained on the bridge without accosting any body, and without transacting any business. They took him to be some idle youth, and though all of them had, more or less experienced his benevolence, yet he did not escape their contemptuous observations. They nick named him the bridge surveyor; but the old soldier observed that his countenance no longer bore that expression of cheerfulness which it had in the morning, that he seemed deeply to reflect on some serious business, with his hat drawn over his face, that his steps were slow and deliberate, and, that for a long time he gnawed the remains of an apple, without seeming to be aware of it himself.

This observation our physiognomist meant to turn to some advantage. He therefore set both his wooden and his natural leg in motion, went to the other side of the bridge, and waited there for the meditating youth, to request his alms as if he were a new comer; his stratagem succeeded to admiration. The thoughtful philosopher paid no other attention to the beggar than to put his hand in his pocket, and throw a piece of money into his hat to get rid of him.

A thousand new faces appeared after dinner, but no person spoke to Frank; he grew impatient at the delay, yet hope still directed his attention to every passenger; some one he thought would address him, but every one passed by him without taking notice, and only a few returned his polite greeting. Towards sun-set, the bridge became less and less frequented, and the beggars left it one after another, to return to their respective homes—a deep melancholy took possession of our youth; his hopes were deceived, and the delightful prospect that smiled on him in the morning,

had vanished with the sun. In a fit of despair he was going to throw himself from the bridge into the river; but he thought of Mela, and resolved to postpone this design till he had seen her once more; he therefore formed a plan to look out for her on the following day when she was going to mass, to gaze on her once more with delight, and then to cool his warm affection for ever in the cold waves of the Weser.

As he was going to leave the bridge, he met the old invalid with the wooden leg who had, in the meantime, endeavoured to guess at the motive with which the young man had watched the whole day on the bridge. He expected that Frank would go away, and he waited for his departure longer than he was accustomed to remain there. But at length his patience was exhausted, and curiosity prompted him to go and ask him the reason of his making the bridge his dwelling-place. "Pray sir," he said, "will you permit me to ask?"

Frank, who was not in a gossipping humour, and now heard the address which he had so

impatiently waited for, from the mouth of an old beggar, answered somewhat roughly: "What is the matter? speak old grey-beard!"

"You and I," the other proceeded, "were to-day the first to come to this bridge, and now we are likewise the last to leave it. As to myself, and those like me, our calling keeps us here; but you do not belong to our corporation, and yet you have spent your whole day here. Pray tell me, if it is no secret, what was your reason for it, what is it that weighs on your heart, which it seems you mean to get rid of here?"

"What would it serve thee, old man," said Frank, "to know what ails me, or know what lies heavy on my heart? It can be of no consequence to thee."

"Sir, I take an interest in you; you have twice given me alms to-day, for which God reward you; but your face is not now so happy like as it was in the morning, and that grieves me."

This good-natured sympathy of the old soldier pleased our misanthrop, and he gave him a

kind answer. "Since you are so anxious to learn," he said, "why I have waited here so patiently the whole day; I must tell you that a friend promised to meet me here, who has, however, made me wait in vain."

"With your permission," said the cripple, "your friend, whoever he be, is a scoundrel, thus to make a fool of you. If he had treated me so, whenever I met him I would make him feel the weight of my crutch. If he were prevented from coming, he should have let you know, and not have treated you like a school boy."

"I must not condemn him," said Frank, "he did not exactly promise. It was only in a dream that bade me wait for him." It was too tedious just then for him to tell the story of the ghost, he therefore changed it into a dream.

"That is another thing;" said the old man, "if you believe in dreams, I dont wonder that you should be disappointed. I have had many mad dreams in my life, but I never was fool enough to take notice of them. If I had all the money that has been promised me in my

dreams, I might buy the whole town of Bremen with it, if it were for sale. But I have never believed in dreams, nor even stirred to try their veracity, because I knew it would be lost trouble. Well, I must laugh in your face, that you should waste a whole summer's day for the sake of an empty dream, while you might have been happy all the time with your friends."

"Experience shows that thou art right, old man, and that dreams are often fallacious; I dreamt so distinctly and circumstantially, however, more than three months ago, that I was to meet on this spot a friend to-day, who had things of the utmost importance to communicate to me, that I thought it was worth while to try whether the dream would be fulfilled."

"Nobody," said the cripple, "dreams more clearly than I do. One dream I shall never forget. How many years ago it was I do not remember, but I dreamt that my guardian angel, in the shape of a beautiful youth, with yellow curled hair, and two wings on his

shoulders, stood at my bed-side, and said to me: "Berthold, listen to my words, and lose none if thou desirest happiness. Thou art destined to possess a large treasure, and to enjoy it for the rest of thy life. To-morrow, after sun-set, take a spade and shovel, and go from thy dwelling across the river to thy right hand; pass all the houses, and the monastery of St. John, till thou reachest a garden into which four steps lead from the road. Wait there concealed, till the moon lends thee her light; then press with all thy strength against the door, and it will spring open. Enter the garden without fear and turn towards the walk, on the left hand, which is overhung by vines. Behind them stands a large apple-tree; step up to the stem of it, with thy face turned to the moon. In this same direction, about two yards distance, thou wilt see two rose-bushes; begin to dig close to them, till thou comest to a stone plate, under it thou wilt find an iron box full of gold and other valuables. Though it be heavy and unwieldy, do not fear the trouble of lifting it out of the hole, and thy

pains will be well rewarded, if thou findest the key which is concealed below the box."

Frank grew dumb with astonishment as he listened to the old man, and would not have been able to conceal his agitation, had not the darkness of the evening prevented his companion from seeing his face; he discovered, from the description and the peculiarities mentioned, that the soldier's dream related to a garden which had once been his own, and which he disliked, because it had been his father's hobby.

Old Melchior had laid out the garden quite in his own taste, very stiff and very formal, but he had hidden in it a great part of his treasure, for what reason must for ever remain unknown, and Frank had sold this tempee soon after his father's death for a mere trifle.

The old cripple became instantly interesting to Frank, who now comprehended that he was the very friend to whom the spectre had directed him. He would fain have embraced him, and, in his first delight, have called him father and friend, but prudence suggested

greater caution. He therefore merely said, "That was indeed a distinct dream! But, what did you do the next morning, friend? Did you follow the advice of your guardian angel?" "Not I indeed!" answered the invalid. "Why it was only a dream. I have had many sleepless nights in the course of my life, when my guardian angel might have found me waking; but he never troubled himself much about me, or I should not, in my old age, be obliged to go a-begging. Frank took the last silver coin out of his pocket; "Take this," he said, "old father, go and drink my health in a pint of rhenish; thy conversation has banished my ill temper. Do not forget to visit this bridge every day; I hope we shall meet again." The lame old man had not, for many days, received so much as on this day, he blessed his benefactor, therefore, and limped into a tavern to enjoy himself; while Frank, filled with new hopes, hurried home to his lodgings in the narrow street.

On the next day he prepared every thing necessary for digging. He had not the materials usually employed by searchers after

treasure ; such as, a conjuration form an osier twig, an enchanted girdle, hieroglyphics and the like ; neither are they necessary, if the three principal things viz., a pick-axe, spade, and above all, the subterraneous treasures are at hand. Soon after sun-set Frank carried the digging implements near to the spot, and hid them in a hedge ; as to the treasure he had the firmest reliance on the honour of the ghost, and felt confident he would not deceive him. He waited for the appearance of the moon with great impatience, and, as soon as her silvery horns were seen through the bushes, he began his labour, observing in its progress, to pay attention to every thing the old soldier had said, and at length actually found and got out the treasure without any accident nor opposition, either from a black mastiff or a scowling wolf, and without having the light of a blue flame to guide him.

He took up, with unspeakable joy, some of the different gold coins which the iron chest had faithfully guarded. After the first delight had somewhat subsided; he began to consider

how he might transport the treasure safely and unperceived to his lodgings. It was too heavy for him to carry it without assistance, and he experienced therefore, immediately, some of the anxiety which is inseparably united to the possession of wealth. Our new Crœsus could discover no other way but to place his riches in a hollow tree which stood in a meadow behind the garden; he then put the empty chest back into the hole, covered it with earth and made the ground as level as he could. At the end of three days he had carried all the money bags from the hollow tree safely to his own humble dwelling. Thinking himself now authorized to throw off his incognito, he dressed himself richly, desired the prayers at church to be discontinued, and a thanksgiving to be offered in its place, for a traveller on his safe return to his native city, after having successfully concluded his business. He hid himself in a corner of the church, where he might, unobserved, see his beloved Mela; his eyes were fixed on her, and he now felt that ecstacy, the hope of which had prevented him, a few days ago, from des-

perately ending his life in the waves. When the thanksgiving was pronounced, her cheeks glowed with joy, and she could scarcely conceal her raptures, their meeting afterwards in the church was so expressive, that nobody who had seen it could have misinterpreted it.

From this time forward, Frank again appeared at change, and entered into business. He extended his transactions greatly in a few weeks, and, as his opulence became every day more apparent, his envious fellow-citizens observed, according to the old proverb, that he must have had more luck than sense to get rich in collecting old debts. He took a large house opposite the statue of Sir Roland, in the principal square; engaged clerks and servants, and applied himself with great earnestness to his business. Those miserable races of parasites and toad-eaters, again flocked to his door, and hoped once more to be the partakers of his wealth. But, grown wise by experience, he returned only polite speeches for politeness, and allowed them to depart with an empty stomach, which he found to be a sove-

reign remedy, and it freed him at once from all farther trouble from them.

In Bremen, Frank became the talk of the day; the fortune he had made abroad, in such an unaccountable manner, occupied the attention of every body, and formed the subject of conversation at feasts and funerals, in courts of law and on change. But, in proportion as his wealth and prosperity increased, and became the subject of general conversation, so Mela's happiness and peace of mind diminished. Her silent friend, she thought was now in a condition to declare himself; but he remained silent, except now and then meeting her in the street; and even this kind of attention became less frequent; such behaviour betokened a cold lover; and the Harpy jealousy continually whispered unpleasant suspicions in her ear: "Banish the sweet hope of fixing such an inconstant swain, like a weathercock, he is blown about by the slightest breeze. It is true, he loved thee and was faithful as long as his condition and thine were equal. But now a happy change in his circum-

stances, raises the wandering youth far above thee; and now he despises the purest affection, on account of thy poverty. Surrounded by splendour, wealth and pomp, who knows but he adores some prouder beauty, who abandoned him, when humbled in the dust, and now, with the voice of a syren, calls him back. Perhaps, the tones of adulation have turned his heart from thee. His new friends will tell him that he may choose among the richest and the best in his native city; that many fathers will be ready to give him their daughters, and that no maiden will reject him; they will teach him to look for power and importance, and to connect himself with some weighty family; and to forget poor Mela."

Such thoughts, inspired by jealousy, disturbed and tormented her incessantly. The first news of the change in her silent lover's circumstances had filled her with delight; not that she wished on her own account to share so large a fortune; but to gratify her mother, who had given up every idea of worldly happiness, since she refused the rich brewer. Now Mela wished that

the prayers for his success, in which she had always so fervently joined, had not been heard, that the business of the traveller had not succeeded so well, for then he would probably have remained faithful.

Mother Brigitta was soon aware of her daughter's melancholy, and it did not require much acuteness to discover the cause. The report of the improvement in the condition of her late lint merchant, had reached her as well as her daughter; she knew of Mela's inclination towards him, and as he was now a successful, active merchant, and a very model in point of order, she thought there was no longer any reason why he should delay his declaration, if he had any serious design on her daughter's hand. To spare her, however, she never mentioned any thing concerning him; but Mela was, at length, unable to bear her grief in silence and, therefore, made her mother her confidant. The prudent matron learnt, by this confession, little more than she already knew; still it gave her an opportunity of telling her opinion on the subject. She took care not

to make any reproaches to her daughter, thinking it was wisest to make the best of what could not be altered. On the contrary, she employed every possible means to raise and console her humbled child, and to enable her to bear her blighted hopes with courage and firmness.

"My dear child," said she mildly, "as you have brewed so you must drink, you rejected fortune when it was offered, and you must now submit to lose it. Experience has taught me that the hope we regard as most certain is often delusive; follow my example, give no longer ear to its voice, that continual disappointment may not destroy thy peace. Do not expect a favourable change in thy fate, and thou wilt be contented. Let us honour the spinning-wheel, which procures us the means of subsistence, and care not for riches and greatness, since we can do without them. These philosophical observations came from the heart of the worthy matron. After the failure of her last hopes, she had so completely simplified her plan of life, that it was scarcely possible for

fate to derange it. But Mela was still very far from this philosophical composure, and her mother's advice had therefore a very different effect from what she intended. The conscience stricken maiden looked upon herself as the destroyer of a mother's sweetest hope, and reproached herself most bitterly. Though she had never agreed with her mother on the subject of marriage, and had thought bread and salt when seasoned by love, would be sufficient for happiness: yet, since she had heard of the wealth and trade of her sweetheart, she had indulged in more luxurious domestic arrangements, and was often delighted to think she might still be enabled to realize her mother's former dreams, and restore her to opulence without sacrificing her own heart and inclinations.

This charming delusion vanished however by degrees, as time flowed on, and Frank came not near them. A report also was spread, that he was preparing his house with all possible despatch for the reception of his bride, a rich lady from Antwerp, who was already on the road.

This gave the death blow to her hopes, and completely destroyed her affected composure. She vowed from that moment to banish the faithless lover entirely from her heart, and to dry her tears which however, never ceased to flow.

In one of those many hours in which she forgot her vow, and against her will, thought of him whom she deemed unworthy of remembrance, a gentle rap was heard at the door: Mother Brigitta opened it, and who should this be, but neighbour Frank from the narrow street. He was richly dressed, and his well arranged curls perfumed the room. This stately appearance, augured certainly some more important business than to sell lint. Mother Brigitta started, she tryed to speak, but the words died on her lips. Mela rose from her seat, blushing and growing pale alternately, but preserved silence like her mother. Frank, however, was perfectly composed; he adapted words to the tender melody, which he had so often played on his lute, and in plain terms he now declared his hitherto silent love. He then

turned to the mother, and solemnly asked her consent to his marriage with her daughter. He explained every doubtful circumstance, by saying that the bride, for whom preparations were making in his house, was no other than the fair Mela.

The formal matron, after having recovered from the joyful surprise, resolved to take, according to custom, at least eight days for deliberation, though the tears of joy fell fast down her cheeks, and eloquently spoke the most ready consent. But Frank became so pressing in his solicitations, that she chose a middle course between the old custom and the eager wishes of the suitor, and empowered her daughter to give him an answer according to her own mind. In Mela's virgin heart a great revolution had taken place since his entrance into the room. His visit was the strongest proof of his innocence, and he explained that, during his apparent indifference, he had been all activity and eagerness to arrange his mercantile business, and to prepare for their marriage; she had no reason, therefore, to withold

her consent. She pronounced the decisive monosyllable, which confirms the hopes of love, with such sweetness, that the happy lover could not help catching it in a glowing kiss.

The tender couple had now sufficient time and opportunity to explain and translate into common language the hieroglyphics of their secret correspondence, and they soon found they had always understood, and rightly interpreted each others sentiments. This furnished them such a delightful subject of conversation, that Frank, after a long stay, parted with great reluctance from his charming bride; but he had business to transact, and therefore took his leave.

He went to find out the soldier with the wooden leg, whom he had constantly remembered, though he had hitherto seemingly neglected him. The old man had closely examined all the passengers since his meeting with the generous lounger, but had never again seen him, as from Frank's promise he expected. He still remembered him, however, and as soon as he saw him approach, he limped to meet

him, and welcomed him with great glee. Frank kindly returned the old man's greeting, and said: "What think you friend, could you go with me to the new town, on business? I would reward you well for your trouble."

"Why not?" replied the old soldier, "though I have a wooden leg, it never gets tired, and I can still walk pretty briskly. But wait a little, till the little gray man is passed, who never fails to cross the bridge towards evening."

"And why wait for the gray man?" asked Frank, "what have you to do with him?"

"The grey man brings me every night, a silver groat, from whom I know not, nor care to ask. Sometimes I think that it is perhaps the evil one, who means me to barter my soul for the money. But be he who he may, that is nothing to me. I have not closed any such bargain and therefore need not keep it."

"I think not;" replied Frank, smiling, "but the gray man may be a cheat; and if you will now follow me, the silver groat shall not be wanting."

The cripple accordingly followed his con-

ductor, who took him through many streets, to a remote part of the town, near the rampart; here he stopt before a small house, lately built, and knocked at the door. On its being opened, they both entered, and Frank said to the old soldier: "Friend, thou hast once obtained me a pleasant evening, and it is proper that I should cheer the evening of thy life. This house, with all its contents, and the garden belonging to it is henceforth thy property: it is well filled, a man is here to take care of thee, and thou wilt find the silver groat every day on thy dining table; nor dost need to fear the evil one on account of the groats thou hast already received, for the man in the gray coat was my servant, whom I sent to bring thee the means of subsistence, till I could get this thy dwelling ready. As thy guardian angel did not please thee, I have undertaken to supply his place."

He then shewed the old man his dwelling, and he found the table covered, and every thing necessary for his comfort; he was so surprised with this unexpected good fortune, that

he could scarcely believe it real, but for some time took the whole for a dream, so inconceivable did it appear to him, that a rich man should thus remember the poor. Frank, however, soon put an end to all his doubts, and brought tears of gratitude to his eyes. This was a sufficient reward for his benefactor, who, to carry through the part of an angel which he had undertaken, vanished from his sight and left him to explain the whole as he best could.

On the next morning the dwelling of the lovely bride looked like a fair; Frank sent so many haberdashers, jewellers, milliners, lace-merchants, tailors, shoe-makers and sempstresses, to offer their services or their different wares for her choice. She spent the whole day in selecting and arranging the various articles which, in those days, made up a bridal dress, and in giving orders to the tailor and milliner. The bride-groom went, in the mean time, to procure the banns to be published; for, in those days, the wealthy and high-born were not ashamed to tell the whole world, they meant to contract the solemn engagement of marriage; and, before

the expiration of a month, he led his long-loved Mela to the altar, with so much pomp and solemnity, as very far to outshine, even the splendid wedding of the rich brewer.

Mother Brigitta had the satisfaction to see her daughter united to a wealthy and deserving young man; and to enjoy, in the evening of her life, that opulence she had so long wished for; and Mother Brigitta deserved her good fortune, for she turned out the least troublesome mother-in-law that ever existed.

THE

MAGIC DOLLAR.

Accompanied by the venerable father Jacob, an aged franciscan monk of the bare-footed order, Eppo von Steinanger, entered the cell of the prison where lay Gregory the outlaw, late the terror of all the Polish frontiers. Numerous were the acts of barbarity, violence, rapine and sacrilege which he had committed, so that his very name struck terror all around; yet his early years had been far from announcing such a character; for, born of honest and pious parents, he had been trained up by them for the church, of which he promised, at one time, to become a shining ornament. How grievously then did his present abandoned state afflict father Jacob, the affectionate preceptor who

first instilled into his dawning mind those lessons of virtue, which he now appeared to have rejected for ever.

Sad was the change which vice had written even on his outward form: instead of the ingenuous candour and amiable meekness which once used to sit upon his brow,—instead of the cheerful serenity which formerly beamed over his countenance, his beautiful features were marked with insolent scorn and pride, with sullenness and malignancy. Each hideous passion had left a trace so deep as legibly to indicate the violence with which they had swayed. The unclean spirit lurking within had defiled and polluted the once fair and goodly shrine.

"Why," exclaimed he to his visitors, as they entered the cell, "why come ye hither to torment me? Bring the torture, and I will endure it. I shrink not even from the rack: but I want no cowled monk to preach to me,—no frocked confessor to weary me with his hateful homilies. What! think ye because I am in your power that I will therefore betray my brave companions, and denounce them to your ven-

geance? No: not all the tortures ye may wreak upon this frame shall so far debase me.'

"Alas! my son," replied the monk, in a tone that bespoke his anguish, "dost thou not know the ancient friend of thy father—thy own friend? Dost thou not recognize this crucifix of pure silver, worked by thy father's hands? It was that which he made as a votive offering when thou once layest dangerously ill. Well do I remember, when, accompanied by thy worthy, pious mother, thou broughtest it thyself into the church: and, kneeling devoutly before the high altar, presentedst it to the Most High. And now, my son, how do I behold thee?"

The prisoner seemed affected by the old man's tenderness, and by the contrast he had drawn of his present and his former situation. "Those days of happiness," said he mournfully, "are now gone—gone for ever."

"Dost thou not remember," continued Jacob, hoping to touch him still more:—"Dost thou not remember how, when a little one, thou wast delighted to listen, while I spoke to thee of youthful angels, whose charge it is to watch over pious children? Dost thou not recollect

the eager delight with which thou wert wont to receive the pictures of saints, which I bestowed upon thee for diligence in thy tasks;—or the reverential awe with which thou wouldst contemplate them? How attentively too didst thou use to listen to holy legends and tales of martyrdom, and declare that all thy strivings should be to imitate such sublime and touching examples of patience and fortitude in the cause of faith, and to devote thyself, body and soul, to the service of God, and to minister at his altar!"

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed Gregory, passionately striding with hurried pace as far as his fetters would permit, "I did promise,—nay did mean all this: what then? man is the sport of destiny; the very slave of circumstances. He is surrounded by invisible agencies over whom he possesses no controul:—he is a wretch, dragged on by the iron chain of fate, without the power of making any resistance."

Despair and fury were depicted on his countenance: vain were all friendly exhortations, for he either preserved a morose silence, or uttered horrible imprecations and blasphemies.

Jacob, therefore, gave orders that a small table should be brought into the cell; then placing on it two silver candlesticks with consecrated tapers, and the silver crucifix between them, he and his companion took their leave; charging the gaoler to light the tapers shortly before midnight, and to extinguish them after the expiration of an hour. The turnkey failed not to observe these orders most punctually; but, as he approached the cell for the purpose of lighting the candles, he heard a voice discoursing with the prisoner. Listening, therefore, in order to catch the words, he heard it say, in a hollow, dismal tone: "Here is the parchment, and the iron pen; scratch thy left hand with the latter, and then, with the blood, sign thy name. After that remove the crucifix, and I will deliver thee."

"But how," enquired Gregory, "may I do so?"

"Dash it on the floor, trample on both that and the tapers: pronounce a curse upon them. But, unless they be removed hence, I have no power to aid thee."

"Say rather to destroy me, impotent spirit! and shall I then confide in the might of one who trembles at this image! In the name of him whom it represents, I bid thee hence. Away, thou betrayer, that lurkest for my soul."

Hereupon a loud crash was heard; the prison seemed to totter from its very foundations, while the affrighted gaoler crossed himself devoutly, and, in a few moments, all again was still. He now ventured to open the door of the cell, and, repeating a prayer the whole time, approached the table and lit the tapers. As soon as he had done so he perceived both the parchment and iron pen: "Take them both," said Gregory, "in the morning to father Jacob and request him to come hither, that I may speak with him."

Hardly daring to touch either parchment or pen, he placed them on the table and departed. After an hour had elapsed, he returned, in order to extinguish the tapers, when he found Gregory devoutly praying before the crucifix. Jacob, on being informed the next morning of the prisoner's request, hastened immediately to

visit him. He found him quite altered from what he had been the preceding day, for Gregory now saluted him kindly, and soon afterwards entreated, that he would peruse the fatal parchment.

The horrible writing contained an abjuration of the Almighty, couched in monstrous imprecations; and whoever signed it with his blood, surrendered himself up, both body and soul, to the prince of darkness, on condition that the latter should release him from his prison, and provide him for the space of one year, with all that the most unbounded wishes could demand.

"How! but for a year?" exclaimed Gregory. "Lying spirit of perdition, he offered me sixty years of uninterrupted prosperity:—but praised be God, who lent me grace to reject the offer."

He now joined earnestly in prayer with the holy man; listened attentively to his exhortations; and, questioned by him as to the manner in which he had fallen into his profligate and dissolute courses, made him the following confession:

"It needs not, venerable father, that I relate

to you, the history of my childhood and earlier youth, those days when I was alike innocent and happy—with those you are already acquainted. You taught me to strive after wisdom and piety:—ambition prompted me to aspire after both in the utmost degree; and to render myself thereby noted to all. And this pride was the first step towards my undoing, for it destroyed all humility, and induced an overweening self-confidence. In my own heart, I considered myself far better than any of those around me: under the mask of a profound humility, I indulged the most flattering vanity and self-delusion. I had now attained my eighteenth year, when my mother requested of me, on her death-bed, that I would dedicate myself to the church. With this wish, I readily complied, for I already, not only anticipated the mitre and crozier, as the due meed of my superior sanctity, but even saw my brow adorned with the celestial nimbus, and myself enrolled among the saints of our faith. Every one was deceived by my seeming humility and real fervour.

"About this period, my progress in Latin in-

duced father Hilarius, my teacher, to put into my hands, the poets in that language. Not contented, however, with my study of Prudentius, Boethius, and the christian poets, he recommended to my attention, others less devotional, although more classic; amongst whom, the amatory ones, were not the least prominent. These latter became, in a short time, my favourite study, and the constant companions of my solitary walks. Need I say, that I felt the influence of the literature in which I now indulged. Passions and desires, hitherto totally unknown to me, now took possession of my bosom; quenched my aspirings after holier pursuits; and induced a fatal supineness, to which I, at length, wholly resigned myself. As I was one evening returning from my accustomed walk, I was met by my kinsman Gerard and his betrothed, nor could I avoid being struck with the affection which they manifested towards each other, but the odious passion envy entered my heart, and I felt a disquietude strange and oppressive.

"And this bliss, exclaimed I to myself, is denied to me. For me there must be no bride, no

wife, no children. The sweetest of human affections must find no place within this bosom. I had seen and conceived an ardent passion for Maria, the sister of Gerard's bride: yet strong as was my love, my pride was still stronger. I could not endure the thought of renouncing the church as a profession, although no longer called to it by feeling; neither could I brook for a moment, that I, who had been so far extolled for superior learning and sanctity, should seem to sink to the level of those around me,—those by whom I was now regarded as a prodigy. This fatal haughtiness forbade me ingenuously to avow my love. I therefore nurtured my passion in secret, and meditated how I might best gratify it without compromising my reputation.

"I felt a spiteful envy towards all those who were in the least familiar with Maria, or who danced with her at any festival: it is true, I might have partaken of the same felicity, had it not been for the character which I now conceived it quite incumbent on me to support. In this manner did I causelessly indulge a vague jea-

lously; this feeling, however, became more decided, when I shortly afterwards learnt that she was about to bestow her hand upon a low-bred ill-favoured fellow, who passed by the name of Long Peter.

"Is it possible," said I to the old gossip, who communicated this unwelcome piece of news, "that such a clown can find the least favour in her eyes?"

"Aye! marry! why not? The carle is rich, and liberal withal. He daily makes her some new present."

"'So then, wealth and presents are the keys to her affections.' This idea now haunted me and I envied my rival the more, at the same time, that I felt my affection for Maria somewhat mingled with contempt, so that, let come what would, I was determined to surmount all obstacles, in order to gratify revenge for my wounded pride, and my infuriate love. My father's circumstances were but moderate, and they had also been considerably reduced by the expences of educating me. He was even now laying by all the little he could spare, in

order to send me to pursue my studies at Bologna, and afterwards to Rome to obtain preferment in the church: it was in vain, therefore, to think of applying to him; and yet to yield to such a rival, merely for want of being able to procure it, was to me, even as the agony of hell.

"My thoughts now dwelt continually upon Maria: I saw her in my dreams; when, as she was about to embrace me, my hated rival would step between us and bear her away, leaving me to endure all the tortures of despised love. To no one did I disclose the secret of my passion: this my pride forbade me to do. My situation was now dreadful; this fatal passion, grown more ungovernable from being thwarted and concealed, poisoned my existence. My devotion was now merely mechanical; I was become a professed hypocrite, and my sanctity was only assumed in order to preserve to me that reputation I had acquired among my fellow men. The authors whom I now perused, served but to inflame still more those evil passions which required to be checked; while, to crown

my wretchedness, a gnawing envy of all others preyed upon my heart. Fain would I have forgotten Maria—have erased her image from my memory; but every object served to recal it.

"It was at this period, that, during my solitary rambles, I frequently met an old beggar upon whom I generally bestowed a small trifle, in return for which, he would exclaim: 'My pious and benevolent master, may Heaven grant, that not a single wish of thy heart be unfulfilled.' The figure of this wretch was hideous in the extreme; there was a singular malignant expression in his countenance; yet could I not help feeling gratified by the earnestness with which he seemed to thank me. One evening, as I was returning home from strolling in the woods, he suddenly stood before me, at a turn in the path, and thus addressed me: 'Your kindness requires a better return than I can make: nevertheless, it may be in my power to render you some assistance. I know you that you are unfortunate; that you love hopelessly. I have devined all: enquire not by what means, but receive

the aid which I now proffer you. Take this coin, it may avail you much, and help you to the accomplishment of your wishes.'—He then took out from his bosom a small bag, containing a dollar. 'This piece of money, trifling as it may appear, possesses a secret virtue which renders it no mean gift, in return for thy liberality towards me. Change it whenever you please, and it will always return into your purse again, if you do but retain the least part of the change.'

"Having said these words he put the bag into my hand; and, before I could thank him, had disappeared, so suddenly indeed, that I know not how nor whither he was gone. An universal darkness seemed to arise, and it was rendered more horrible by vivid flashes of blue lightning, and loud peals of thunder, that seemed to rend the heavens in twain. I, however, heeded it but little, being too much engrossed in reflecting upon the mysterious treasure of which I was now in possession; nor was it long before I proved its efficacy, when I was overjoyed to find that the old man had not deceived me.

"The following day my father shew me a rosary of exceeding beauty, which he had been commissioned to make for Maria, by her suitor. 'This Peter,' said he, little imagining that he was speaking to me of a rival, 'is a honest fellow, and one that deserves to win a mistress.' It was at first his intention to have presented her with a girdle of embossed gold, as Maria had expressed a great desire to possess such an ornament, yet his mother dissuaded him from it on account of the expense.'

"No sooner had I learnt this intelligence than, hoping thereby to win Maria's affection, I bethought me how I might best contrive to get some one to order this girdle of my father for myself: and, in the mean while, kept continually changing my dollar until I had acquired a sum sufficient to make so considerable a purchase. As I was now devising on some project for the further accomplishment of my design, during a solitary ramble, my attention was suddenly arrested by a musician who was accompanying an air with his guitar. The words of his song depicted the enjoyments of love in so tender

and captivating a manner, that I could not help eagerly listening; and, from the extreme melodiousness of the voice, I felt irresistibly prepossessed in favour of the singer; judge therefore of my astonishment on discovering him to be a small dwarfish fellow, with a sallow complexion. He informed me that he was a native of Italy, who supported himself by his guitar, and that his name was Negrino.

"But, my friend," said I, "this profession of thine seems but a sorry one. Methinks it does not find thee in the best of cheer."

"Perhaps not always," replied he: "but, if I fast to-day, why I may feast to-morrow, and I can assure you that whenever I do meet with more than common fare, I relish it accordingly. Besides," added he, in a significant tone, "my calling is not so poor a one as you may imagine: I am always ready to execute any little secret commission, that may be better entrusted to a stroller like myself, who is to-day here, to-morrow gone, than to any one else:—one who receives his pay and interests himself no farther about the business."

"Here," exclaimed I to myself, "is the very fellow I need for the furtherance of my designs." Without any farther preliminary, therefore, I invited him to accompany me to the nearest tavern, where I regaled him sumptuously with the best of fare and wine. He, on his part, was not behind hand in contributing towards the entertainment: he related to me several mirthful anecdotes, and sung some of his most enlivening songs: so that, in a short while, my reserve was completely removed; and whatever scruples I yet felt, respecting my designs upon Maria, completely vanished. As our conversation became more free, my new companion expressed himself very unreservedly upon all subjects; he was particularly severe in his remarks on monks and priests; and indeed turned into ridicule the holiest mysteries of our religion. He also related to me many tales of magic and necromancy, Hereupon I enquired of him whether he had ever heard of the magic or breeding dollar which always returned to its owner after being changed.

"Aye indeed!" replied he, "well do I know of such, and the manner in which it may be obtained. It can be only on the eve of Christmas, or of St. John's day: at either of those seasons proceed, just at that hour of the night when spirits are abroad, to some crossway, taking with thee any black animal or bird. After repeating a certain magic rhyme, a black giant appears and demands, what it is thou seekest? It then behoveth thee to present him the bird or animal, saying: 'This black creature do I offer to thee, that thou mayest give me in return a magic dollar,' and he immediately accepts the offering. Should it happen that there is a single white feather, or hair on the creature that is presented, the person who offers it is inevitably lost; for the giant instantly destroys him: but, on the contrary has it none, he flings him the dollar and disappears through the air."

"But is it not possible," enquired I, "to obtain such a piece of money, in any other way—by gift or inheritance?"

"Truly it is, and fortunate indeed is that

mortal who so obtaineth it; for he has no guilt on his soul."

"To hear this was a great relief to my mind. I now disclosed to him my intentions respecting the girdle, upon which he said:

"Only furnish me with the requisite sum, and point out where your father dwells, and I will not fail to purchase it. At the same time write a letter by which it may appear, although not expressed too plainly so, that you are the giver of the present."

"This counsel pleased me exceedingly well; and it so happened that, on the following day, I had an opportunity of seeing Maria, when I pressed her to accept the girdle, which I had caused Negrino to purchase: taking care, at the same time, to inform her that Peter had declined selecting it for a present, although he well knew how desirous she was of it, on account of its price. This present obtained me the favour of several interviews; for, when a woman condescends to accept gifts she is no longer mistress of her actions. I was not remiss, as you may well believe, in employing

these intervals to my own advantage: my generosity, or rather liberality had won her over to listen; the clandestine manner of our interviews conferred on them a piquancy greatly in my favour; and inclination completed the rest, so that I at length fully obtained my object, and gratified at once my passion for Maria, and my revenge towards my rival.

"Whatever compunction or scruples I might have at first felt, at this criminal indulgence, were stifled by the diabolical acts and treacherous counsels of Negrino: and, blinded by my desires, I perceived not the precipice towards which I was hurrying. At length the fruits of our criminal intercourse could no longer be concealed; whereupon Negrino advised us to avoid all disgrace and scandal by an immediate flight; putting ourselves therefore under his guidance, we fled with him to Poland."

"And your father," exclaimed Jacob, "and Maria's mother died shortly after, quite heart-broken!"

"Unhappy wretch that I am! yet, let me proceed with my confession.—Negrino acted as

our guide and conductor, and exerted himself so effectually to dissipate all sorrowful reflections, that, abandoning ourselves to reckless mirth, we listened with complacency to the profligate discourse with which he sought to amuse us. But, on the third day of our journey, while passing through a large forest, we were suddenly attacked by a band of robbers.

"Now," said Negrino, "the bird is fairly caught, and the dollar is my own."

"How!" exclaimed I to him indignantly, "hast thou then betrayed me, Judas-like? is this a plot of thine to destroy one who has ever shewn himself thy friend?"

"My young gentleman," replied the perfidious wretch, "one may easily perceive that you have not an idea beyond the school you have just left, where you have heard fine maxims and lessons of virtue, friendship, piety and such other old-fashioned qualities. But I will give you a piece of advice, that is at least worth the dollar I take from you:—these virtues make a fine figure in books, but the sorriest possible in the world. In the latter,

interest is the sole spring that directs our actions: you were eager to possess Maria and have stolen her from her mother; I was as anxious for your dollar, and have robbed you of it: so far we are quit—and, as for consequences, neither of us gives himself much concern."

"Having thus spoken, he assisted the others in plundering us, while I stood nearly stupified by despair. The captain of the troop, a fine handsome man, whose noble figure was advantageously set off by his rich armour, now came up to us, and familiarly exhorted Maria to be consoled for what had happened, and to consider herself fortunate in having fallen into the hands of one who could appreciate her beauty, and who would secure her from neglect. Whether influenced or no by the maxims she had just heard from Negrino, or prepossessed by the air of the robber, I know not, but certain it is that she displayed no repugnance towards him; on the contrary, she seemed well pleased to accompany him.

"There now," exclaimed Negrino in a tone

of malignant triumph, "you perceive that innocence and love are names equally empty as virtue and honour—a mere tale believed by an idiot—a visionary dream—a school-boy's morality!"

"In a paroxysm of despair, and as if desirous of sinking lower than even at present, I offered my services to the robber, who was pleased to compliment me on my sturdy, youthful appearance, and gladly received me as a comrade in his troop.

"Resigning myself with a sort of horrible satisfaction to what I considered the decree of a blind destiny, I vowed, within myself, to avenge myself on my fellow men for the malignity of fortune towards myself. Discarding at once all my former principles altogether, and quite reckless of existence, I soon signalized myself, even among these wretches, by my desperate hardihood.

"Negrino continued with the robbers; yet he never accompanied them in their excursions, but only acted as a confederate and a spy. He seemed, however, to urge them on to all sorts

of excesses by his desperate advice, and abandoned discourse, making a continual mockery of any thing like either pity or regret. Surrounded by dissolute companions, tortured by the infidelity of Maria, prompted to all the desperation of determined vice by Negrino, I seemed to reject every idea of abandoning my present habits, nor could I quiet my tortured mind, save by plunging deeper into confirmed guilt. The approbation too which I obtained from my comrades awaked my pride, and I now sought to signalize myself by arts of violence and rapine; nor was it long before I attained to a pre-eminence in guilt. In this manner two years passed away, when the captain, being mortally wounded, nominated me as his successor, and the voice of my comrades unanimously seconded his choice. Maria, also, seemed eager to renew our former footing; but, giving vent to the indignation I had so long been obliged to smother, I thrust her from me with disdain. "Inconstant, unfeeling woman," exclaimed I, "It is thou who hast made me the degraded mortal—nay, the very demon

that I am. Take, therefore, the sword thou meritest." So saying, I plunged my dagger into the unhappy creature's bosom. Even the robbers seemed struck with terror at this act of barbarity; but Negrino applauded what he termed my firmness. I now gave loose to my thirst for blood and revenge; I wished to punish, if possible, the whole human race in vengeance for my ruined hopes.

"Thus did I become the terror and dread of a whole country; insomuch that, in both Prussia and Poland, the government offered considerable rewards for my apprehension. At length, after baffling all their vigilance for a long while, I fell in with a party which proved too strong for me. In spite of the desperate resistance that we made, we were overpowered; I was taken a prisoner and conducted hither. On the very first night of my arrival here, as the prison clock struck the hour of twelve, I perceived a sudden light in my cell, by means of which I clearly discerned the figure of the old beggar standing before me, who saluted me with his

wonted words, 'Heaven grant that not a single wish of thy heart be unfulfilled!'

"'Gregory,' continued he, 'the germs of goodness and virtue were plentifully sown in thy bosom, but thy passions have been violent. To these latter didst thou resign thyself without opposition: therefore, did thy protecting angel withdraw from thee, and leave thee an easy prey to me. It was I who gave thee the magic dollar, knowing that it would lead to thy destruction; nor have I been deceived, for thy subsequent progress in vice has proved most rapid. Thou art now lost; yet it is in my power to liberate thee from this dungeon, on the single condition that thou bindest thyself to me, both body and soul.'

"I rejected this offer with pride and disdain; whereupon he departed leaving me to my own wretched reflections. The torture which I suffered the next day did not permit me to slumber the following night; and, at about the same hour, my cell was suddenly light as before, and Negrino stood before me.

"'Dost thou not remember,' said he 'the contemptuous kick which thou once gave me when thou spurnedst me away from thee, as a base miscreant. Haughty wretch! what arrogance was thine! little didst thou deem that it was I that inspired thee with the wish—and lent thee the power of committing evil. It was I that prompted thee to thy destruction:—thou wert but a mere tool in my hands. Thou deservest to feel now thy own impotence and littleness; yet, on condition that thou wilt promise to serve me still, I will take compassion on thy present helplessness, and free thee from thy prison."

"His words filled me with a rage that I could not restrain. 'Vile fiend of hell,' exclaimed I indignantly, at the same time spurning at him with violence, 'that is the only reply I deign to make.' No sooner had I spoken than the whole building seemed to shake, as if threatening to bury me in its ruins, and Negrino disappeared in a blue flame.

"Great was the struggle which I afterwards felt within myself. Fain would I have opened

my lips in prayer, yet dared not. I recalled to mind my first innocent happy years, ere I had leagued myself with the ministers of perdition; and, touched by the images that rushed upon my memory, I invoked the shades of my parents to pray for me, and to look down with compassion upon their guilty, wretched child. While indulging in these first feelings of penitence, I felt relieved from a weight that had long oppressed me: yet, I was still doomed to be haunted by my terrific nightly visitants. At midnight the prince of darkness, Satan himself appeared before me in the form of an elder, arrayed in the garb of royalty. 'Since thou wouldst not yield to my inferior spirits,' said he, 'I myself, the monarch of the infernal shades, am come to thy rescue. Sixty years of uninterrupted enjoyments do I promise to thee if thou wilt but enter into compact with me; for thy daring and thy energy deserve this meed of me.' It is well known to you that I did not comply with the tempter. You are now acquainted with all that I have to confess; and, as for myself, I am prepared to meet both torture and

death. If it be possible, however, that my soul may yet be rescued from perdition, I pray thee father to recommend me in thy orisons, to that God, against whom I have sinned."

As a sign of his penitence, Jacob now requested that he would divulge the accomplices of his crimes. "No!" exclaimed Gregory, "to them I have vowed fidelity, and will not, therefore, betray them. Yet, if the order will promise them a complete amnesty, on condition of receiving from them the plate and holy vessels, of which they have plundered churches; and if a brother of the convent, to whom I will give a pass of security, be the bearer of a letter to them from me, to that effect,—I will, under the seal of confession, disclose to you where they may be found." Nor could he be prevailed upon to make any other terms.

In order, therefore, to rid themselves of such a nest of depredators, they were fain to comply with his stipulations. A worthy monk, therefore, eager to rescue so many wretched souls from perdition, undertook to execute such a hazardous commission, and ventured to become the

negociator between Gregory and the robbers. His mission was crowned with success, for he returned home, bringing with him a vast quantity of plate, jewels and relics, the plunder of a number of churches, and accompanied by upwards of thirty of Gregory's followers, who, moved by the entreaties of their captain, had readily surrendered themselves to the monk. Their first enquiry on their arrival, was after their leader, in compliance with whose wish they had quitted their former way of life, but learnt that he was no more; for, on the very day of the monk's departure, he became suddenly ill, and within a few hours expired, having previously exhibited signs of the deepest penitence for his crimes; and joining fervently in the prayers of Jacob, who enjoyed the consolation of closing the eyes of his beloved pupil, fully assured of his recovery from his former transgressions. Touched by the loss of a leader, to whom they had been so attached, and moved to compunction by the exhortations of the venerable fathers, some few of the robbers resolved to atone for their offences by dedicating themselves to the

solitude of the cloyster; while the rest, still anxious for a life of tumult and danger to which they had hitherto been accustomed yet, dreading to return to their former desperate habits, enlisted against the Infidels, and, in these wars, many of them fell fighting under the banners of their country.

THE

COLLIER'S FAMILY.

THE following extraordinary occurrence is said to have befallen Berthold, a young German merchant, and though hardly accredited, in all its details, is worthy of repetition on many accounts. Being engaged in speculations of considerable extent, which compelled him to bear about his person a capital of no small amount, in gold, jewels, and other valuables, he was not a little alarmed on perceiving, at the close of day, that he had lost himself amid the intricacies of one of our native mountain forests, and that night was rapidly surrounding him in the middle of a gloomy valley, and in a road to which he was an utter stranger. It was quite evident that he had chanced upon a remote and unfrequented d efile; for the forest deer no longer

evinced any shyness at his presence, and the flight of the owls, as they circled round his person, became so daring and undisturbed, that he frequently gave an involuntary bend of his head and shoulders, as a protection from the flapping and rustling of their wings. At length he perceived a man pacing the footpath a little before him; and whom, on enquiry, he found to be a collier residing in the forest. Our traveller's request of a lodging for the night, and a promise of safe conduct in the morning, was acceded to, and given with so much frankness and alacrity, that every feeling of rising suspicion was subdued, and the parties arrived at the collier's cottage, mutually satisfied with their covenant. On their arrival, the collier's wife made her appearance with a light at the door, behind her stood a range of youthful, chubby faces, her children; and the light, as it fell upon the person of the host, exhibited one of those honest, manly countenances, which happily are still to be met with in abundance among the peasantry of our native country.

The whole family, together with their guest,

now entered a warm and cheerful sitting-room, and ranged themselves around a fire, upon the hearth: and our traveller began to feel as little concern for his wealth, as if he had reached his paternal dwelling, and were surrounded by his brothers and sisters. He had merely removed his cloak-bag from his horse; and, having confided the faithful creature to one of the collier's sons for food and a stall, he threw his valuable package into a corner of the apartment, and, though he retained his sword by his side, and his pistols at his belt, this was more from the habitual caution induced by a traveller's life, than from any chance that such things might be wanted here. The conversation soon became general. The traveller talked of the countries he had seen; the collier spoke of the forest and his occupations; and the rest of the family occasionally joined in with pertinent questions or modest remarks. In the mean time a jug of nut-brown ale was introduced; the toast of welcome and wishes for better acquaintance was drunk; the cheerful group proceeded from conversation

to more social tokens of joy; and the song became substituted for adventure or story. The collier's children were in the midst of a lively glee, when a strange tapping was heard at the door. A knock was given with the finger so very, very gently: yet, notwithstanding the seeming lightness of the pressure, the feeble sound was distinctly heard in the room, and rose above the clear and mirthful voices of the children. The singing was instantly at an end; the whole family assumed a serious and solemn expression of manner; while the collier, in a friendly tone, exclaimed: "Come in, Father! in heaven's name come in!"

The door now opened, and a little decent looking old man crept quietly in. He saluted the family circle with an air of kind good nature, and only stopped to gaze in astonishment at the stranger. In a short time he drew towards the table and placed himself in the lowest seat; which, in fact seemed to have been purposely left for him. Berthold's astonishment was equally great as that expressed by the old man. For this singular personage was dressed

in a costume of earlier days; but, though the form bespoke an existence in times gone by, there was nothing of this kind in the material, since the whole dress exhibited marks of great attention to neatness and decency. In addition to this, his person, as already observed, was remarkably small: at first sight, his countenance might be said to be composed and pleasing, but, on closer observation, it was found to contain evident traces of secret sorrow. The family treated him as an old acquaintance, though with manifest signs of compassion. Berthold would have willingly asked, if the old man were a relation,—the collier's father or perhaps his wife's—and whether his pale and melancholy countenance were the effect of indisposition;—but, as often as he attempted to open his mouth, the old man looked at him with a half startled, half angry expression, and that in so particular a manner, that he always felt his curiosity checked, though greatly increased.

At length, the old man folded his hands, as if inclined for prayer; looked across to the collier's seat, and cried in a hoarse voice:—

"Come! if you can, let us have the evening prayer."

The collier instantly began the fine old hymn:

"The forest now is hush'd in rest,"

in which he was joined by his wife and children; the old man united his voice to theirs, and sang with a power and clearness which made the cottage peal again, and must have excited strong surprize in any one, not accustomed to hear him. At first Berthold was unable to join in the chorus, from pure agitation and astonishment. This appeared to make the old man both angry and alarmed; he constantly eyed our traveller with strange dissatisfied looks, and the collier also, admonished his guest by earnest and expressive gestures, that he ought to follow the common example. This Berthold was, at length, able to do. Every thing now was correct and devotional, and, after a few more additional prayers and hymns, the old man took his departure with a humble and courteous deportment. He had already closed the door, and was about to let the latch fall,

when he suddenly dashed it open, cast a wild and terrific look on Berthold, and as speedily slammed it together.

"Humph!" said the collier, with some surprise, as he now turned to apologise to his guest for his conduct, "this is not his usual behaviour."

Berthold rejoined, by supposing the old gentleman to be a little disordered in his mind.

"Why, that," said the collier, "it is impossible to deny; but still, he is perfectly harmless and never does any one an injury. At least, we have never had the slightest proof of such misconduct for a very long time. I should, however, tell you, that the only room in which I can accommodate you, has no proper fastening to it; and it often happens, that the old man finds his way in there. But you need not disturb yourself—and do not interfere with him—he will soon retreat of his own accord. Besides, I fancy you are too much fatigued to be roused by any of his proceedings; and, as you must have already observed, he moves with extreme gentleness and silence. Berthold

assented to all the collier advanced with a smiling countenance, but he felt widely different at heart to the sensations previously existing in his bosom, though without being able to account exactly for the change; and, as the collier led the way up the narrow stair-case, which conducted him to his chamber; he irresistibly felt disposed to grasp his cloak-bag with a firmer hold, and keep a constant eye upon his sword and pistols.

The collier having suspended the lamp in a place of safety, and commended his guest to the protection of heaven for the night, speedily withdrew. But Berthold left alone in his narrow chamber, pervious to the wind in every direction, seemed to feel as if the pious benediction would, somehow or other, fail of its effect. It was a long time since he had felt so disturbed and troubled in his mind. He immediately retired to bed, seemingly exhausted with the fatigues of the day, but sleep was not to be thought of. He now conceived his cloak-bag too remote from him; now his arms excited the same apprehensions, and now again, both

were hardly sufficiently near. Under such excitements he frequently rose, and if for an instant sleep visited his eyes, he started up again at every breeze of wind, with interchanging fears and hopes of great misfortune, or equally unexpected and surprising good luck. All his commercial plans and speculations became ravelled into one interminable web of confusion, from which it was impossible to extricate himself, or to separate one single and individual thought from the mazes into which his drowsiness had woven it. In addition to this, he felt an overwhelming and all-engrossing thirst for gain, excited by the difficulties around him; and it was a considerable time before these perplexities rocked him into a sleep, which perhaps, with more propriety, might be called a swoon.

It might be about midnight, or a little after, when Berthold thought he heard a gentle movement and rustling in his chamber. But fatigue had so completely mastered him, that he lay motionless in his bed; and, if at times he raised his unwilling eye-lids, and seemed to perceive the little old man passing backwards

and forwards near his bed, his drowsy sense only assured him, that the whole was mere fancy; and besides, had not the collier apprized him of all this, previous to his going to bed? At length, however, these interruptions became too frequent; a sudden fright thoroughly roused him from every sleepy feeling; he started up in his bed, and beheld the little old man of the preceding evening, snugly throned upon his cloak-bag, and looking towards him with a sort of scornful pity.

"Villain!" exclaimed Berthold in a tone of mingled rage and fear. "Let go my property!" The abruptness of this address, appeared to startle the old man. He hastened towards the door, seemingly muttering an uneasy prayer, and suddenly disappeared.

Berthold's first object was to examine his cloak-bag, and learn whether any thing had been taken from it. He was little disposed to consider the old man a thief, but the diseased and crazy mind of this singular being, might have found amusement in exchanging the contents for rubbish, or in destroying many

important papers, with which it was charged. The locks and straps appeared untouched, and even after they were opened, every thing was found in the same condition it was left. Still, however, Berthold's mind was not to be tranquilized: something might have fallen out by the way, something might have suffered by the journey, and under this impression, he examined every separate package, now rejoicing at the extent of his wealth, and now regretting that it was no greater. In the midst of this occupation, he was suddenly disturbed by a puff of air upon his cheek. At first, he conceived it to be merely a current of wind which found its way through an aperture in the window; and he accordingly only folded his mantle more closely round him. The puff was now repeated: it became more distinct and perceptible, and as he turned with displeasure towards the quarter from whence it appeared to proceed; this feeling became changed into horror, on perceiving the little old man's face, quite close to his own.

"What do you want here?" exclaimed Ber-

thold; "creep to your bed, and warm yourself."

"In bed I only get colder and colder, and I do so like to see such pretty things as you have got. But I know where there are much prettier, aye much, much prettier!"

"What is that you say?" enquired Berthold, who now began to fancy that the extraordinary good fortune which had floated before him, while half asleep, was to be realized by the use of this crazy being.

"If you would but come," sighed the old man: "down below there, down through the forest, and beside the moor."

"Why with you," said Berthold, "I suppose I might venture without much risk." The old man now turned towards the door, and said:

"Only let me get my mantle. I will be back in an instant, and then we will go together."

Berthold had little time to reflect on his promise, for the old man had scarcely quitted the room, before the latch was raised again, and in stalked a man, immoderately tall and spare, with a large scarlet mantle thrown across his

shoulders, a huge sword under one arm and a musket over the other. Berthold instantly laid hand upon his pistols.

"Why aye," said the man in red, "you may as well take those with you; only make all the haste you can, that we may get out into the wood."

"With you?" exclaimed Berthold, "I am not going with you. Where is the little old man?"

"Hey day! do but look at me;" rejoined the other, as he removed the mantle from before his face. Berthold now perceived a close resemblance between this terrific phantom, and the little old man; in fact, so great, that the only difference seemed to consist in the mere expression of feature, for what wore a meek and humble air in the one, was wild and ferocious in the other. Berthold felt assured that both he and his treasure were betrayed; and he, therefore, exclaimed in a firm voice: "On any future occasion, when you may chose to dispatch your simple brother for the purpose of seducing people into your net; I think it

would be quite as well not to disturb the illusion, by making this senseless exhibition of your own person. I therefore tell you, at one word, I am not going with you, and nothing shall make me."

"Indeed!" said the man in red, "you wont go?"

"No!"—

"Why then I'll make you:" and with this he stretched out his long bony arm towards our traveller, who, in a paroxysm of fear and tremor, fired his pistol. The house below now became alive and bustling; the collier was distinctly heard ascending the staircase with hasty step, and the man in red with reverted head and towards Berthold, darted out at the door. "In the name of heaven," exclaimed the collier, as he burst into the room, "what have you done to our Brownie?"

"Your Brownie?" stammered Berthold, as he looked at his host with astonishment. For his previous idea of unbounded wealth still floated before his fancy; and finding now that he was evidently not to gain any, he half thought it

must be his chance to lose some, and that the whole house had conspired against him.

The collier, however, continued: "He passed me on the stairs, most unusually tall and angry, and wrapt in his red mantle, with his sword and gun."

Perceiving now that Berthold was unable to comprehend what he said, he begged his guest would descend to the room below, where every body had assembled from alarm at the firing, and he would there endeavour to tranquilize both his family and the stranger. Berthold complied with his host's request, taking his cloak-bag under his left arm, his remaining loaded pistol in his right hand, and his other weapons in his belt. His only motive for going below, was the idea of being nearer the house-door than in his present confined chamber. As he entered the sitting-room, the whole family seemed to regard him with an eye of suspicion, and there was a manifest difference in his present reception, from that given him a few hours before. The collier now addressed his guest in the following terms:

"When I first took this cottage, our Brownie was accustomed to wander about in the same terrific form, in which you have seen him this evening. On this account the house had long been abandoned, and no one was found sufficiently venturous to live in it, or in fact in the neighbouring district of the forest. For the power of these spirits has rather an extensive circle. My predecessor was not only very rich, but very avaricious, and his passion for gold induced him to bury his money in the country around, and it was his constant practice, during his life, to roam about the spot where his treasure lay concealed. On such occasions he usually wrapt himself up in a red mantle, carried a sword and gun on his shoulders, for the purpose of scaring the robbers, as he declared, who might mistake his person for the city executioner. At his death, he was unable to communicate the spot where his money was deposited; it is possible he may have forgotten it, and it was, perhaps, on this account his mind became so distracted, and that he assumed this frightful attire.

"I, however, said to myself: "a pious heart, and constant exercise in prayer, is a sufficient protection against even Satan himself, much less against a poor crazy goblin; and with this feeling I brought my wife and children to our new habitation. At first, it must be confessed, our friend in the red mantle caused us a good deal of trouble; for when a man is going about on his own concerns, and solely occupied with these and similar thoughts, it is enough to startle even the most courageous, to find some monstrous thing starting up before him, and that too of the goblin tribe. The children suffered exceedingly, and even my wife was frequently overpowered with fright and alarm."

"Yes!" sobbed the wife, "and now these terrific times will be renewed. It was but just now that he looked in at the door, with a wild and angry countenance, taller than ever, and wrapt in his frightful red mantle."

"Do as you did before;" said the collier, "be constant in prayer, and humble devotion; let all your thoughts be pure and pious, and nothing will harm you."

At this instant the latch of the door was raised up and down with a violent and continued motion; the whole assembly pressed closer together, and the children wept aloud. The collier alone advanced with a firm and intrepid step, and cried out: "In the name of the Most High, I charge thee to depart: *we* are beyond thy power." A noise was now heard without, like the passage of a whirlwind through the house; and the collier, as he resumed his seat, continued in the following manner:

"At that time we considered it a trial, it may, perhaps, be ordained us as such now. We have only to pray with greater zeal; to keep a more scrupulous watch over our actions. We certainly had managed to make him lay aside his red mantle, to conduct himself with decency, to attend our regular evening prayer, to compose his features into something like complacency, and to reduce his form into a very diminutive size, as if his decreasing limbs would eventually disappear from the earth, and the poor creature betake himself to rest until

the awful day of doom. Children! as a quiet, meek and fearful Brownie, he wan your affections; it always gave you pain that in his extreme contrition, he chose to take the lowest seat at our evening prayers. You must now cheerfully labour for his and your own repose, by patience, prayer and purity of heart. We shall soon bring him to the same condition in which he was last night."

The family now rose, and promised to obey their father's instructions; to maintain the struggle against the spirit of evil with undiminished resolution, in whatever form it might choose to appear.

Berthold's mind, however, was in the most agitated and distracted state. He first conceived himself seized with a fit of delirium, and that all these extraordinary circumstances were the mere fancies of a disordered imagination; he then believed that the whole was a trick devised to make a fool of him; and now thought he had fallen among a band of hypocritical thieves, and that every thing had for its object the pos-

session of his property. Amidst these conflicting ideas, he demanded his horse. The collier's eldest son instantly ran to the stable to prepare it, and his father observed: "You had better remain till the day-light: at this hour of the morning the forest is dangerous, and even haunted."

Our traveller, however, persisted in his determination; and he soon perceived that the whole family were glad at heart with the prospect of being relieved of his company; and that the collier had only pressed his stay from motives of common hospitality. His proffer of payment for the evening's repast and lodging, was rejected with so much firmness, and apparent displeasure, that he abstained from pressing the unwelcome tribute. His horse now appeared at the door, his cloak-bag was soon bestowed in its wonted place; Berthold sprang into the saddle, and took leave of his singular host with thanks, but coldly received, and with a conviction that his departure had occasioned more joy than his arrival. With a

misgiving mind, and many anxious doubts, he now pursued the course which had been pointed out to him.

He found it quite impossible to believe that the inhabitants of the cottage were right, and that the Brownie was wrong; for said he, if this creature be not a spirit, it is clear *they* are a pack of cheats; and if it be, the poor thing is doing nothing more than its duty, in revealing the spot of its secret deposit, and committing to some mortal for use and enjoyment, what is now lying unemployed. The trees now appeared to assume an unusual and singular form; the morning breeze as it whistled beside him, seemed to be charged with notes of golden promise; the mist began to shape itself into a lofty arcade about him, and as our traveller rode beneath it, the thought shot across his mind: "Nature herself is linked in compact with me, and if this be the case, no illusion can intercept my happy career."

"Luck's all!" he shouted aloud: and had scarcely spoken the words, before he perceived the man in red walking beside him, and appa-

rently giving a nod of approbation, both to his words and thoughts. At first he felt a little uneasy; but the more he reflected on the reasons for suppressing his alarm, the more the red mantled stranger seemed to nod in friendly approbation of his conduct, and at length began to address him in the following manner:

"To tell you the truth comrade, I began to be heartily sick of these collier people. That eternal singing and praying reduced me down to nothing; you saw yourself, what a miserable little shrivelled creature I was become—but as soon as you came, though I was rather fierce at first as if something strange had arrived—yet we soon understood each other, and then I grew—aye, and I can grow too till my head touches yonder starry canopy. Why if you would but entertain the aspiring thoughts you ought, and fancy yourself standing above there, quite a different 'sort of a fellow, to other mortals, a fellow endowed by nature with all her riches and gifts, free from trouble and toil, you would then be just what I wish you: and

moreover the treasure should be yours. The collier's people are far too stupid for such things.—Come! shall we dig?"

Berthold nodded assent, and the man in red pointed to a small hillock at a little distance, strewed with the leaves and cones of the pine-tree. As our traveller was wholly unprovided with implements for digging, he was compelled to turn up the earth with his sword; but his labour was not a little checked by fear as he perceived the man in red join in the work, and wherever he fixed his hand, a blue sulphureous vapour rose from the earth.

The vapour continued to rise; the earth groaned, the stones rolled impetuously forward and at last two urns were discovered, which were no sooner exposed to the morning air than they instantly crumbled into dust. It was quite in vain that Berthold continued his researches—no treasure was to be found. The man in red now evinced considerable uneasiness; he expressed his sorrow by ringing his long bony hands, and at length pointed to a neighbouring hillock.

Berthold applied himself here with the same ardour as before, and with the same result—he found nothing but earthen pots, ashes and rubbish. They proceeded from one hillock to another, still eager in the pursuit, but all exhibited the same contents, the same unprofitable harvest. The spirit now became filled with rage, he dashed his bony fists against the surrounding trees, (which at every blow emitted a stream of sulphureous sparks) and at last accused his companion of having discovered the treasure in the first hillock, and surreptitiously secreted it. Berthold stood aghast and trembling before the angry phantom, whose person suddenly glowed in one continued flame of red, and rose as his indignation swelled, far above the tops of the adjoining trees. At this instant the cock crowed. With a cry of deep resentment and agonized suffering, the goblin vanished into air, and the morning bell of a neighbouring village was distinctly heard, to the great relief and joy of our traveller. Terrified beyond expression at the danger he had escaped, Berthold now sought his equally

terrified horse, and which at the commencement of his labours he had bound to a tree; and having thrown himself into the saddle, galloped rapidly forwards towards the nearest habitations of men.

Years now rolled on, during which, Berthold engaged in extensive and important commercial pursuits, passed his life in foreign lands, and amidst a round of constant and anxious occupation. But varied as were the objects which necessarily pressed upon his attention, he never forgot his adventure with the man in red, and the evening spent with the collier's family. It constantly reverted to his imagination, sometimes with feelings of dread and curiosity, sometimes of excited, half satisfied anxiety; and as he was on his return home, and approached the neighbourhood, he resolved upon retracing his former route, and having discovered the unfrequented path, arrived at the close of day before the collier's lonely cottage.

This arrival, like that of former years, brought the same healthy, honest faces at the door; the

collier's wife appeared with her lamp, carefully guarding it against the current which threatened to extinguish it; and the collier himself, advanced towards our traveller, with friendly expressions of welcome. The stranger was now invited in; his horse was committed to one of the sons; but the recognition of his person seemed to check in all, except his host, the pleasure with which the benighted traveller was ever received by the collier's family.

The room wore much the same aspect as before; the whole party were soon seated round the family table; the jug of ale was brought forth and circulated; but to Berthold's great alarm, the seat formerly occupied by the goblin, was still left vacant, as if his presence were expected with every returning evening. Besides this, little was said; both parties viewed each other with looks of suspicion, and that which had formed the best part of our traveller's entertainment—friendly converse, and the joyous song was now wholly wanting.

At length the collier addressed his guest in the following manner:

"We know not what may have passed between you and our Brownie some years ago; but the consequences to us were difficulty, toil, fear, and anxiety. You are now about to pass another night under our roof, and I can only wish from my very heart, that your mind may be inclined to pure and grateful devotion; that you may disturb neither us or our Brownie. As far as regards him, indeed, it is not very likely that you will produce any pernicious effects upon his repose; although your head and your heart may still be devoted to gain and gold.—But hush! children—the hour of prayer is come."

The whole family now folded their hands; the collier rose with uncovered head, and again began the fine old hymn:—

"The forest now is hush'd in rest."

Berthold, with true devotional feelings, joined in the chorus, expecting every moment, the Brownie's appearance, although in his former quiet garb and figure. But no finger tapped at the door—no one entered; a gentle light

alone was seen in the room; and a soft melodious sound was heard, like the notes of musical glasses, when touched by the finger slightly wetted.

Prayers were scarcely over, before Berthold inquired the cause of the light and the sounds.

"'Tis our Brownie," replied the collier; "he never announces himself now, in any other manner. But to effect this, we have found it necessary to persevere in prayer, and to keep a careful guard over the purity of our hearts."

There was something in Berthold's bosom, which told him he was not worthy of passing the night here. He asked for his horse, though in a more friendly tone than formerly; it was soon brought him by the collier's eldest son, in a manner equally friendly; and the family bade him farewell, perceiving that his departure was not occasioned by an evil disposition, and instructed him in his road, which he now pursued with far different thoughts than when he travelled it before. He perceived nothing supernatural in his way; except that a beautiful stream of light occasionally rose before

him, and shed a most agreeable and brilliant radiance over the shrubs and plants of the forest.

This story contains much that is fabulous—it may possibly be a fable; but he who would chuse to regard it as nothing more, would be equally unjust to the Author, himself, and the good old Cause.

THE

VICTIM OF

PRIESTCRAFT.

THE narrow valley between Auszig and Lobositz, is domineered by rocky towers, which, in the present day, are the abode of falcons and vultures, or the favourite retreat of the owl, where sorrow, undisturbed, may breathe forth its monotonous lay. In times of yore, however, they were the dwelling places of powerful knights, the scourge of the traveller, but often the friends of the needy. Terror lowered at the entrance of the valley, and seized the trembling pilgrim as he first raised

his eyes to the majestic castle situated on a ridge of rocks, and inhabited by a race, whose hearts were hard like the foundations of their dwelling-place. It was called the Rock of Terror, which name its ruins bear to this day. Not far from it, another castle, envelopped in mist and clouds, was called the Eagle-eyric, for it appeared to the inhabitants of the valley more like the rocky nest of the eagle, than the habitation of man. Its chambers were hewn in an overhanging rock, created by nature, as if in defiance of time. The roof only was built of wood covered with slate. Not a single blade of grass ever grew here, for even the storm was not able to carry the dust to such a height as to form a thin layer of earth on the rocks. The Eagle-eyric was inaccessible to every enemy; its inhabitants and their friends reached the top by means of rope-ladders, many fathoms in length. At the foot of the crag was a farm belonging to the castle, where the horses of the owner were kept. At the distance of an arrow's flight, from the midst of a thick forest, rose the turrets of the monastery

of St. Florian, where greedy monks domineered over the surrounding country, and often made the owners of the castles tremble at their spiritual scourge; yet their blessing, only given when paid for, never reached so high.

At the time of the first crusade, a knight, called Sir Dietrick, was in possession of Eagle-eyric. He was proud and rude, but noble and honest; he knew the laws of humanity, and valued and obeyed them. To be good, he thought, was to be great. No flower but love flourished on his territory. In the arms of his beloved Dietlinda, Sir Dietrick forgot feuds and combats, the clashing of swords, and the murderous blows of battle-axes.

His rocky halls witnessed the joys and endearments of happy love. His wife had brought him a son whom he called Ulrick. This boy promised, from his earliest years, to become one day a bold and reckless man, who would hasten into danger, as a lover does into the arms of his maiden, who would walk composed and calm hand in hand with death, for even in

those early days he was fearless by nature, and looked on the battle field as his home. A year after his birth, Dietlinda presented her lord with a daughter. Ulrick closely resembled his father; Matilda was the image of her mother. Kindness and love shone in her blue eyes, even when an infant; gentleness smiled around her little mouth, the rose of beauty already budded in every feature; and, as the sun beams unfold the rose, so the pure mountain air, blowing around her habitation, early developed the beauty of the maiden, and flushed her cheeks with health.

With motherly care, Dietlinda early told her of the maggot, which, in preference, fastens on the most beautiful apple; of the honied flowers, which are sought most eagerly by the bee; she taught her that innocence is the most faithful guardian, the safest preservative of beauty. Matilda listened attentively, and firmly resolved that innocence should always be her protectrice, and that every one of her actions should be guided by her mother's instruc-

tions. "Then, dearest mother," the maiden often said, "then you will rejoice to see the reflection of your virtues in Matilda."

This, indeed, was what her mother wished, and her father hoped. He frequently expressed himself happy in being the husband of Dietlinda, the father of Ulrick, and of Matilda. Ulrick was a man in his actions before a beard covered his chin; he accompanied his father in his excursions, while he was yet so little as to need assistance to get into the saddle. When Sir Dietrick descended the rope-ladder, and commanded him to stay at home, he would threaten to throw himself from the rock, if he were not allowed to accompany them; and when the followers of the knight counted up their numbers, they always reckoned Ulrick for one.

When he had reached his tenth year, his father sent him into Franconia, to a noble knight, an uncle of Dietlinda, to learn the duties of knighthood.

Matilda as she grew up, was gentle, pious, and beautiful; of Ulrick the knight frequently heard joyful news: Dietlinda, who knew that

the caresses of a faithful wife can make amends for the ingratitude of the world, repaid her husband richly for what he occasionally lost by the malice of his enemies. As a reward of his noble actions, he possessed the love and reverence of his wife and children, and the blessings of those he had saved from destruction; and he considered himself completely happy.

But human happiness is like the heat of summer, at its highest point, it is always followed by thunderstorms. Once whilst the knight was absent on account of a feud, a malignant fever seized his wife, which soon became so alarming that she was obliged to call upon the holy brother of the order of St. Florian, who, according to the custom of those times, was her physician, for spiritual consolation, as well as medical assistance. This pleased the monk, for he had already gained many an inheritance by attending at the sick-bed, and here he also saw an opportunity of enriching his monastery. Not far from the rock of terror, there was a forest belonging to Dietlinda in her own right, which her father had bequeathed to her, and which

she had full liberty to dispose of according to her own inclination. The monk knew this, for this abbot had drawn up the deed of gift, and had ever since coveted the forest to hunt in, and to get deer-skins on which his monks might write their drinking songs. Dietlinda's physician, the warden of the monastery was told, therefore, to obtain from her a gift of the said forest. This appeared an easy task; he trusted to the influence of a sick imagination, and approaching death, and assured the lady Dietlinda that nothing but bequeathing the forest to the monastery, could save her from purgatory, and purchase her a place in heaven. But Dietlinda, unconscious of any very sinful propensities, which required to be atoned for in purgatory, refused to grant the monk's request; because her husband was wont to hunt with great pleasure in the forest. Still the warden, an impudent beggar, was not discouraged; he was silent on the subject before Dietlinda, but told her daughter a long tale of a certain lady, who had no fear of purgatory, and therefore had purchased no masses for the repose of her soul,

and who now appeared every night, wrap't in flames before the cell of the abbot, imploring him to procure her some alleviation of suffering. The cunning monk knew to whom he ought to address himself to gain his point. Matilda repeated, with sobs and tears, the horrid tale to her mother; her anxious love added new horrors to the description, and multiplied the torments of this place of purification. She spared neither tears nor intreaties to force her beloved mother back from the fiery gulph, into which the hardness of her heart, as the monk had persuaded the easily deceived child, would precipitate her, but all in vain! Dietlinda remained firm in her resolution, to bequeath to the chapel of St. Florian an ever burning lamp for the good of her soul, but never to deprive her husband of the forest. This was not what the abbot wanted. "If a description of purgatory makes no impression on her mind," he said, "we will try what effect a representation of it will have on her senses."

For this purpose, the warden, at his next visit, smuggled into the tower a picture, represen-

ting, in vivid colours, the torments of the condemned. In one part of it, souls as fat and sleek as monks generally represent their own heroes, were crushed between red hot millstones, ground into firedust, and then restored to their original forms, again to undergo the same terrific process. In another, a miser who had been niggardly of his gifts to monasteries, and had purchased only a few masses for his soul, was placed under boiling pitch, which kept continually dropping on his bald head. Some sinners were walking on red hot iron, others were whipped with fire brands; here a wanton was bound with burning chains; there a cloven footed evil spirit darted his eagle talons into the bosom of a maiden; in short, whatever torments the heated brain of a monk could fancy, was faithfully represented in this picture. The monk placed it at the foot of Dietlinda's bed, and expounded its meaning to the surrounding household, embellishing his narrative by many a "Lord, have mercy upon them! Lord, preserve us!" The whole of his auditors were horrified, and would then wil-

lingly have given their whole property for masses, that they might not be one day ground to dust between millstones, or whipped with fire-brands. Dietlinda was awakened by the groans of her terrified attendants, she perceived the picture, and tremblingly asked, "What is this?"

The monk repeated his explanation, but the second description was more horrid than the first; "Such," he added, "will be your fate, noble lady," and was proceeding, when the maidens interrupted him, with the cry—"She is dying, she is dying!" Every one was immediately busy in assisting her; but all in vain. The picture had made such a dreadful impression, weakened, as she was by pain and disease, that she was unable to overcome it. With a horrid voice, she called aloud for water to extinguish the fire burning, as she said, in the bed, and which fell from the ceiling, and shot from the eyes of the monk. Her lips grew black, her breathing made a rattling in her throat, and in half an hour she expired. Her best eulogy was the unfeigned grief of Matilda and of her attendants.

On the third day after her decease, towards noon, as the warden was blowing the death hymn on his horn, the merry sound of a trumpet mingled with his solemn strains. It was Sir Dietrick, returning from his excursion. The unusual melody filled his heart with awe; he looked up to the castle, and saw his people lowering down a coffin by long chords to the level part of the rock. The beams of the mid-day sun were reflected from the polished silver escutcheons on the black coffin. Sir Dietrick thought that the sunshine dazzled his eyes; but men dressed in mourning, received the coffin at the landing-place; monks lifted torches, crosses, and banners high in the air, and convinced him, that his eyes deceived him not. Panting, he ascended the rock:—

"Who," he asked, "is inclosed in the coffin?" but his inquiry sounded not like a question, for he feared the answer.

A Monk. Join the mourners, Sir Dietrick, and follow your wife to the grave!

Diet. My wife? Oh God! I'll follow her *into* the grave.—But you lie, holy man. If

you have told a lie, you deserve heaven for it!

"Mother! Mother! farewell for ever!" cried Matilda, from the summit of the rock. Sir Dietrick heard the well known voice, and threw himself on the coffin. They tried to recall him to his senses, and his strong frame soon enabled him to recover.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," said the monk to him.

DIET. "Oh! why can I not say? Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Never, never, shall I be able to say so!

MONK. But you will; have you not a daughter? Your wife's image? Will you make her also fatherless?

DIET. No, no!—

And he rose; with tottering steps, he took his place behind the corpse.

"Carry her away!" he stammered forth; "the happiness of my life—the strength of my arm—the zest of my joys!"

They lifted the coffin, and carried it to the chapel at the foot of the mountain. With

his head hanging down, Sir Dietrick slowly followed, and often murmured to himself: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away!" and when they lowered the coffin into the grave; he said aloud: "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" In silence, he ascended the rock, often turning round to look at the chapel. His followers gathered courage from his composure; but it vanished when he entered the tower; and his motherless child fell sobbing into his arms. His concealed grief then burst forth and nearly overpowered him.

Complaints and sighs were, for many days, the only sounds that were heard within the walls of the castle, and time dropped its balm very slowly into the deeply wounded hearts of the husband and daughter.

Matilda and all the servants of the castle, called the warden Dietlinda's murderer; but he shielded himself by urging, that he had only performed his duty, and that human help would have been in vain.

Sir Wenceslaus, of the Rock of Terror, the neighbour of Dietrick, and the champion of the

monastery of St. Florian, had sued for Matilda's hand, during the lifetime of Dietlinda. She disliked this rude knight, to whom murder was a pastime; the smoke of burning castles, a pleasant sacrifice; the moans of the plundered or wounded traveller, a song of triumph; and, therefore, she refused him her daughter's hand. He now solicited Sir Dietrick to give him Matilda, but the knight likewise refused him.

"Seek a wife," he said, "as rude and blood-thirsty as yourself, Sir Knight: gentleness is an unfit companion for cruelty. The groans of your victims might awaken your children, when their mother had scarcely hushed them to sleep."

He, of the Rock of Terror, heartily hated Sir Dietrick for his frankness; and nourished, in his heart, a desire of revenge. Yet, he determined to try his fortune once more, and sent the abbot of St. Florian to speak for him to Sir Dietrick. But the maiden pleased the abbot so well, that he forgot to speak for Sir Wenceslaus, and would fain have wooed her for himself. For the first time, he felt his vow of celibacy

very irksome, and returned to his monastery in a melancholy mood, where his favourite, the warden, soon prevailed on him to open his heart, and promised to put him in possession of the beautiful Matilda.

To this end, it was necessary to entice her from the tower, which task the warden undertook. The whole monastery dreaded him, for he managed to get possession of the secrets of every one among the brotherhood, and betrayed them to the abbot. His face was a complete mask, and expressed none of the feelings of his heart; all his features spoke kindness, but all were false. His language, as sweet as honey, glided smoothly into the ear, encouraged confidence, but wounded every body's happiness.

Matilda was accustomed to sit by moonlight on the projecting rock, and look over the savage scenery around her; there she mused on former times and on future events, on past and coming existences; present growth, indicated to her future decay; and she saw fresh buds, in those things, which the hand of time

withered or converted into dust. She delighted in the extraordinary forms created by the moon, as its rays striking the firs which encircled the middle of the mountain, made them look like giants with an hundred arms; or as they illuminated the waves of the Elbe rolling through the valley, and breaking like flames on the shore.

The warden knew that the maiden often lingered there; that her heart was gentle and compassionate, and her hand always open to the needy; and he laid a plan to make her noblest virtues subservient to her ruin, to extract poison from the loveliest and sweetest scented flower of a maiden's bridal crown.

Once, near midnight, as Matilda was sitting at her favourite spot, she heard mournful sighs proceeding from the level part of the rock; she leaned against the iron railing, round the edge of the precipice, and looked down to find out the cause. The moon shone bright on that side of the mountain; and she saw distinctly, a white form on the dark face of the pines, which wrung its hands, and moaning, looked up to

Eagle-eyric. It seemed to beckon her and then to point towards the valley. But for the moans, she would have supposed that this was only one of those phantoms often produced by the moonlight; now, however, her knees began to totter, and her whole frame to shake; and terrified, she hastened to her chamber. Scarcely had she fallen asleep, when the cold hand of terror forced open her eyes, and she saw the same form she had before seen flit before her window. This was, however, only the creation of her own overstrained fancy.

She examined from the tower, on the following morning, the spot where she had seen the apparition, and it seemed as if the grass there, were scorched and burned. In this, she was correct, but she explained it falsely. The boys, in looking after their horses, had, a few days before, made a fire on that spot; but Matilda imagined that an evil spirit, of a fiery nature housed there during the night, and with its breath scorched the grass. She looked forward to the night with great impatience; at length it came, and with it the apparition. Its groans were

more agonizing than before, and amidst them, Matilda often heard her own name repeated.

Her fears increased, but her compassion was excited. The third night, she distinctly heard the words: "Help me, my daughter!" and, taking the apparition for the spirit of her mother, she resolved to aid her, even at the expence of her own life. She was going to ask how she could do it, when the watchman called, "Who's there?" and she quickly retreated into her chamber. The apparition, the warden of St. Florian, also heard the call, and was mightily angry that his plan had, for this time, failed.

The wicked however, seldom flag in their pursuit, till their aim is gained, and the monk therefore, only thought of inventing another scheme to decoy the innocent dove into the claws of the hawk. Every day two men were sent to fetch provisions for Eagle-eyric, and, before they returned, were wont to regale themselves in the hostelrie near the chapel. It was the custom, in those times, to build such places close to churches and chapels, for the accommodation of pilgrims who came to pray;

hence the proverb, 'Where the house of God stands, the devil builds his chapel.' Once, the two men were joined by a monk of St. Florian, who told them, the chapel of the monastery was haunted every night by an apparition, which they thought was the lady Dietlinda, who most likely had not completed some vow, and, therefore, could find no rest in her grave; it was also said, that she had appeared on the level part of the rock making woeful lamentations The abbot had, indeed, ordered masses to be said for her soul, but in vain; nothing but the prayer of an innocent child at the midnight hour, on the spot where she usually appeared, was likely to bring her to repose, and this spot was the level place below the tower. The men were frightened at this tale, and they soon spread it among the rest of the people; but it was kept secret from the knight, for he gave no credit to such stories. It soon, however, reached the ears of Matilda; she listened attentively to it, meditated on it, and resolved to liberate her mother, by her prayers, from the torments of purgatory. The following night

she descended the rope ladder unperceived, and hurried to the place where the spectre had appeared. Here she fell on her knees and fervently prayed to God, whom her mother had always told her was the father of all, for the repose of her beloved parent. Wrapt in devotion, she bent her head to the ground, and no shriek betrayed the monkish thieves, when they seized on her and carried her off. They had reached the foot of the mountain, before she became aware that she was in the arms of men disguised; but to cry for help was then impossible, for they had tied a handkerchief round her mouth. They carried her to the monastery, and she spent the night in a dark cell weeping and praying.

Sir Dietrick, overflowed with a mixture of rage and sorrow, when he was told that his daughter's bed stood empty, and that she was not to be found in the tower. He knew the malignity of fate, but this blow, which at once destroyed all his happiness, he had not expected. He raged through the castle like a madman, called his servants thieves, the

maidens panders, and cursed nature for giving him a frame strong enough to stand this shock. He called on death, but it came not, and the returning hope of regaining his daughter, prevented him from putting an end to his own life. He called for his armour, confided his castle to Horsel his favourite squire, and sallied forth in search of his beloved Matilda. The monastery of St. Florian lay in his way, he entered, and, to avoid suspicion, the abbot permitted him to search every corner of the building. Poor Matilda was all the time securely deposited in a hollow wooden image of the virgin, on one of the small altars in the church, and only two monks besides the abbot and warden were in the secret. Mournfully Sir Dietrick again mounted his horse, spurring it forward, but allowing it to take its own course.

He rode furiously through the country, like a criminal escaping from the sword of justice. His loud cries of "Give me back my daughter, my Matilda!" drove every body from him. The people supposed him to be mad, and behind their well secured doors, prayed for

the recovery of "the good knight," for he bore this name with all who knew him. His researches proved fruitless, as was to be expected. No sunbeam penetrated into the prison of the unhappy maiden, worthy of the most animating influence of fortune. No compassionate wanderer could hear her groans to summon a generous knight to her assistance; for walls several feet in thickness, prevented her cries from reaching human ears.

Sir Dietrick returned to Eagle-eyric the picture of despair and disease. His fiery eyes glowed in their deep sockets, under his bushy eyebrows, like half burning coals. His cheeks were thin and pale, grief and agony had furrowed them, had bleached his hair, and made him an old man. When near home, his horse sunk under him, it had been three days without food; he never mounted it again.

At the level part of the rock, he was met by his son Ulrick, who had returned home, as his uncle was dead. Their meeting was full of sorrow and lamentation. "I have lost my all!" cried Sir Dietrick, "my wife, my daughter!

Thou alone art left to me, and thou also art devoted to misfortune. Go! wander through the world, till thou hast recovered my child, who alone can dry my tears, and fill my heart with joy!"

ULRICK. Father! give me but a horse and a sword, and I will fulfill thy commands. But, before I go, confer on me the honour of knighthood, and he fell on his knees before him.

DIET. I dub thee knight! in the name of God and my lost Matilda. If thou bringest her back to me, thou hast deserved this honour. They entered the castle; his father tied a golden chain, which had belonged to Matilda, round Ulrick's neck, and fastened one end of it to the pommel of his sword. "May this chain, Sir Knight," said Dietrick, "which once fastened Matilda's golden locks, remind you of your vow. May every link of it call out to you —Matilda!"

On the following morning, after a mournful farewell, Ulrick departed. On the level part of the rock he found his horse, and also the friend of his childhood, Sir Philip the Lion,

with two armed followers. He was three years older than Ulrick, and came to accompany his friend, for he was warmly attached to the beauteous Matilda.

As they were passing the gates of the monastery, the monks bearing crosses, torches, images, and banners, sallied forth. The abbot was at their head, riding on a mule covered with a long and richly embroidered saddle-cloth. Twelve serfs, belonging to the monastery, held a velvet canopy fringed with gold, over his head. By his side rode, on a stately war-horse, the champion of the monastery, Sir Wenceslaus of the Rock of Terror; twenty men in armour completed the train. The procession was in honour of their patron saint, who, in times of yore, exterminated the plague from this district, by sprinkling holy water on the patients. Thus said tradition, and if it told truth, Florian was worthy of being made a saint.

In imitation of his patron, the abbot annually distributed on this day a number of wheat cakes, which had been touched with the wooden shoe of St. Florian, and were said to

cure all kinds of disease. The serfs belonging to the monastery were, however, on this account, obliged to work three days extra, and the freemen to give the abbot the tenth of their wheat harvest.

The procession passed by the two knights, and Sir Philip the Lion then said to Ulrick: "See the monk's eyes; do they look like humility and sanctity? Is that bidding farewell to the pleasures of this world, to carry them in their train? Is this renouncing pomp and splendour, to dress thus richly? Is that an appearance becoming one of the meanest servants of Him who entered Jerusalem on a borrowed ass?"

Ulrick. "Are you astonished at that? Look around! the richest fields, the corn of which moves like the waves of the ocean, belong to the monastery. Those vineyards loaded with grapes fill the casks of the abbot; fowls and eggs are plentifully supplied by their serfs; the privilege of hunting, in those extensive forests which are lost in the distance, belongs to the monastery; whoever fishes in those

ponds, or dares to angle in the Elbe near the monastery, is cursed and excommunicated by the abbot. Can you expect that gluttons and gourmandizers should look on the ground with dark melancholy, as if seeking for their graves; or that the abbot should carry his fat paunch three miles on his own feet?"

PHILIP. If that were all; but who, my friend, ever wallowed in wealth without being the slave of his desires? Who could rule a wild horse by holding it by the mane? If monks are men, many an innocent woman must have fallen a victim to their voluptuousness. You seek your sister, I my beloved; we suppose her in the hands of the ungodly, what, if we found her among the saints? It is true, Sir Dietrick sought her there; but his visit was expected, we seek her when nobody is aware of our coming. The monastery is at present deserted, none but the sick and the old have remained at home. Thou art silent and thoughtful, brother; let the punishment fall on me, if it be a sin to think monks are men.

ULRICK. If this were her prison, the proud

building should sink to ruin under our attacks; but Philip, if she were not there, and we should have violated the sanctuary?—

PHILIP. Is it violating a den of robbers to search for thy property? (to one of his followers). Ride on, Bastian, to the monastery, tell them two knights wish to see it. If they ask our names, tell them boldly who we are.—Bastian rode forward.

PHILIP. I must tell you, brother, that I have some foundation for suspicion. A scullion belonging to the monastery told one of my people yesterday, that the abbot had given a great feast to the brotherhood, on the day after thy sister's disappearance, in honour of an image of the Virgin, which stands on one of the altars in the church, and which was made to roll its eyes a few days ago, to attract pilgrims to the monastery.

Bastian returned. "The monks send their blessing, and request you will wait till evening; the reverend father abbot is not at home, but only the brother warden, and three helpless old men."

PHILIP. Monks enough to provide refreshments for us, and give us their blessing. Tell them we cannot wait.

ULRICK. We will not wait; tell them, they must open their gates, their denial is suspicious."

PHILIP. To me still more so! Did they ask our names, Bastian?

BASTIAN. Yes, and I told who you were, as you desired.—He returned to the monastery.

PHILIP. This image of the virgin actually moved its eyes, I saw it, and I suspected a deceit. Brother, if Philip's friendship retains its former influence over thee, follow my advice, and, when the monks show us their church, speak with a loud voice. If my opinion is just, if I have rightly understood my father's opinion of the abbot—

Bastian returned, saying, "They were expected in the monastery," and they spurred their horses towards the gate.

Brother Joseph received them. He was in the eighty-seventh year of his age, a model of piety, and consequently hated by his brethren.

He had known all the nobles in the neighbourhood from their cradle, and he rejoiced to see two young men, with whose grandfathers he had been a play-fellow. The warden had ordered him to detain them as long as possible, and the good old man obeyed with pleasure.

"Welcome ye warriors, and men of blood;" said he, "welcome to the habitation of peace and repose; if you are come to listen to the laws of humanity and gentleness, for this, I suppose, is your first excursion, you heard them, indeed, at the time of being made knights, but scarcely after paid any attention to them. Your youthful blood boils in your veins, you are eager for the tumult of battle, and for the shock of lances. You cannot be too often reminded, that the brightest jewel in a knight's helmet is humanity, his strongest armour a clean conscience."

PHILIP. Reverend father, our memory is awake, and we have not forgotten the admonitions given us when we were knighted.

JOSEPH. Be not angry, young knight, at an

old man, who feels, even in his eighty-seventh year, that we have usually a bad memory for our duties. You are surnamed the Lion, and your family is as brave as that noble animal. His image is your crest, never forget that he is as generous as brave.

PHILIP. I will treat a vanquished foe with generosity, but whoever dares to defy me—

ULRICK. Is torn to pieces by the lion.

JOSEPH. You are of Eagle-eyric. The king of the feathered tribe adorns your shield; keep this symbol in mind, and never debase your greatness by crimes.

ULRIC. (*with warmth*) Never, father; I swear it in your aged presence.

JOSEPH. Noble youth! You are proud and good, like Sir Dietrick your father, or Sir Wolf your grandfather. Twenty men like you must be victorious against a thousand Saracens. I hope you bend your steps towards Palestine?

PHILIP. To recover the grave of Christ? ha! father! to acquire an invaluable treasure?

JOSEPH. The most invaluable that can be acquired.

ULRICK. More valuable than virtue and innocence?

PHILIP. A lifeless stone, and it is still uncertain whether the corpse of the Saviour ever rested on it or not.

JOSEPH. Boys, boys, you speak boldly; but I condemn you not while you combat for virtue and innocence.

BOTH. We will, we will, with the help of God.

JOSEPH. His help is granted to all who ask it. Receive my blessing as a pledge of it; and were you destined by God to be the only combatants for our holy faith, yet I should not prevent you making it your first duty to dry the tears of oppressed innocence.

ULRICK. Father, is there no oppressed innocence in the vicinity of your monastery?

JOSEPH. I hope not, my son: but, if there were, and it were in my power, I would dry its tears.

PHIL. And would you assist us, if the sighs of imprisoned innocence should penetrate to our ears?

Jos. Were I not to do it my son, should I be worthy the name of a man and of a christian?

Ulrick. Your right hand, father, and your left to my friend?

Jos. Here my children, they shall assist you in every good action.

Ulrick. God bless our league, it is formed to dry the tears of one of thy creatures!

Jos. Amen, amen! you have roused my feelings. I have had little or no power to do good. The walls of this monastery were often the boundaries of my love for my fellow creatures; what I have left undone, I charge you to perform; pay for me, those debts I still owe to humanity.

A bell now rung in the monastery; father Joseph released himself from the arms of the knights, and said; I am called, pointing to the warden, there comes your guide; farewell, and remember me, even after you have heard that father Joseph is gone to his long home.

We will never forget you good father, said the knight, and followed him with their eyes, as he went away.

The warden received them with cringing flattery, and conducted them through the corridors of the monastery, around which the cells of the monks are placed, into the refectory where they make merry, then into the penance chamber where sins are committed, and penance in appearance is inflicted. Afterwards he led them to the place where the benefactors of the convent, under heavy masses of stone ornamented by sculpture, await resurrection and eternal bliss. Thence they went into the garden, and to the chamber of the relics, where the greatest treasure of the monastery, he said, was deposited. Here he shewed them the wooden shoe of St. Florian, which, by means of a gentle touch, communicated its power of banishing the plague to the wheaten cakes. The carpet made of moss by the hands of the saint, upon which, by paying ten gold florins, you may die easily and happily. The hempen rope with which the saint tied the hands of the devil, when he tried to prevent him from pouring oil and wine into the wound of a sick knight;—an earthen vessel, in which

he washed his hands, after having, by chance, touched the bosom of a young maiden, and several other similar extraordinary relics. The knights feigned to look at them with reverence and faith, but in their hearts they laughed at this trifling.

WARD. Now, Sir Knights, you have seen all we have to show; will you accept a parting cup from us poor people.

PHIL. We have not yet seen the church, conduct us to it, Father.

WARD. Did you never see a church?

ULRICK. I never saw St. Florian's church.

WARD. Follow me then, but tread lightly, that the sound of your spurs may not disturb the penitents praying at the altar of the saint.

"A noble building," said Sir Philip, on entering the church—"vast, but simple in its structure."

"How solemn!" said Ulrick aloud, "is the twilight produced by the painted glass! How proper to lead our thoughts from earth to heaven."

WARD. Softly! Sir Knight, remember the penitents!

ULRICK. *(still louder)* Father, when surrounded by this sacred gloom, when the brotherhood are singing their Maker's praise, do no thoughts of wealth or sensuality ever intrude on you?

WARD. Softly, softly! Sir Knight!

ULRICK. Ulrick of Eagle-eyric, cannot suppress his voice, when his heart bids him speak: nor can penitents be too often warned against wealth and sensuality.

WARD. To disturb sacred thoughts is always wrong!

PHIL. Look there, Ulrick, on yon altar stands the image of the virgin, which lately moved its eyes.

ULRICK. Not at your deeds, I hope, reverend father?

WARD. Sir Knight, remember you are in the house of God!

ULRICK. Thank you for reminding me of that. This image has moved its wooden eyes? O wonderful! and with the point of his spear he struck at them.

WARD. Back with your spear, Sir Knight!

ULRICK. Am I not allowed to examine miracles? He again thrust at the eyes, and they fell back into the hollow figure.

PHIL. *(very loud,)* Ulric of Eagle-evric. what art thou doing?

WARD. Sacrilegious wretch, how dare you! —the fire of heaven will consume you.

ULRICK. No doubt, if you could bring it down from heaven!—

A low voice called "Ulrick! Ulrick!"

ULRICK. What was that?

WARD. *(trembling)* An echo! Away! out of the house of God, thou devil who dares to dishonour it!

ULRICK. Here I will remain! here before this image, till I am summoned by the thunder of the Almighty, to the seat of judgment, or till I again hear the voice—Oh God!—Look, Philip! look!—scoundrel monk!—The image moves its eyes again:—knowest thou these eyes Philip?

WARD. A miracle! a miracle!

ULRICK. It is an imposture! Matilda!

(Voice from within the image.) Ulrick! Ulrick!

Ulrick seized the monk, crying: "Open the door which leads to the image, or I will open for you the gates of hell! The key! the key!"

WARD. Help! help! murder!

ULRICK. Die pander! He drew his poniard, but Philip arrested his hand. Both demanded the key. The monk continued his cries for help, and two of the brotherhood old and helpless soon appeared.

WARD. Father Joseph, guide the knight to the first arch in the cloister—he winked to him several times—there is the entrance to the image—here is the key.

ULRICK. Give me the key?

PHIL. No! I will go, brother! I will liberate her! Give me the key? You shall see me again with Matilda.—He snatched the key from the warden, and dragged father Joseph away with him: Come father—he said,—now we will dry the tears of innocence.

Ulrick had thrown the warden on the ground, and there held him fast. Scarcely had Philip left them, however, when the monk, unseen by Ulrick, took out a poniard and stabbed him in the neck, close to the clasp of his helmet. The wound was almost instantly mortal, and with the name of Matilda on his lips, the brave youth expired.

The warden hurried after Philip, but the church door was locked, and he could not get out

While Sir Philip retarded by father Joseph, slowly ascended the winding stair case, the other monk tolled the church bell, as was customary, when fire or any other danger threatened the monastery. A number of peasants immediately assembled round the gate. "Thieves and murderers," cried the warden, "have forced their way into the house of God; each of you who assist us, shall have absolution for five years." Without waiting to hear further, the whole crowd immediately entered the monastery. Father Joseph noticed the tolling of the alarm bell, and the cries of the peasantry

and guessing what had happened, he showed the knight, who had already opened the door of the image, and held the deathlike form of his beloved Matilda in his arms, a small door, "It leads—he said, into a subterraneous passage, which runs underneath the monastery for a considerable distance. In two hours time you will again see daylight, and come out in the midst of a forest. Fifty steps from the outlet, towards the left hand, you will find a hermitage, and the hermit is my brother. May the hand of God protect and guide you?" Scarcely allowing himself time to thank the good old monk, Philip carried his dear burthen into the passage, and disappeared.

Joseph locked the door behind him, threw the keys from the window into the ditch of the monastery, and fell weak and exhausted with the unusual exertion, upon the upper step of the winding staircase. Immediately afterwards the warden arrived, accompanied by the peasant who had broke open the church door.

"Where is the thief?" said the warden.

Jos. My tottering steps would carry me no

further, old age and weakness forced me to stop here: what has become of the knight I know not. One of the windows was opened, and perhaps he jumped out. Seek after him, cried the warden, and the crowd dispersed in search of the knight.

The brotherhood of St. Florian hearing at a distance, the tolling of the alarm bell, the guardian dispatched a horseman to inquire the cause.

Sir Philip's followers who waited for their master in a small wood near the monastery, on observing this man, threw off their scarfs, that they might not be known, and followed him who was informed by the porter that two thieves, assuming the names of Sir Philip the Lion, and of the young Ulrick of Eagle-eyric, had forced their way into the monastery, with the intention of stealing its treasures; that the one calling himself Ulrick, had been killed, and the other had escaped. The horseman returned to the abbot with this news, and Sir Philip's two followers rode in the greatest consternation, one to Eagle-eyric, the other to Sir Philip's father, to announce the dreadful event.

When the abbot heard the news, his conscience misgave him; and he shook on his mule, as if in a fit of the ague. He returned to the monastery, and the frightened brotherhood, like so many sheep terrified by an attack of the wolf, followed him in scattered parties.

Sir Philip, in the mean time, carried his beloved burthen through the subterraneous passage, with as much care as a young mother carries her first born over the frozen surface of the stream into its father's arms. On Matilda's recovering from her first terror, the darkness of the place, again filled her heart with fear and anxiety; she felt that she was in the arms of a man, and with loud cries, attempted to release herself. "Where, oh, where am I?" she cried.

PHIL. In the arms of a knight, to whom you are more sacred than a consecrated host.

She recognized his voice, and her fears vanished.

MATILDA. Ha! you are Sir Philip? Where then is my brother?

PHIL. In the monastery—safe in his own

bravery. I have rescued you from the persecution of the abbot.

MATILDA. It was you, whom I implored Heaven to send for my deliverer. A thousand thanks! Even my misery is changed to a blessing, since you have rescued me. But where do you carry me? To my father, I hope.

PHIL. No; but to a pious hermit, a brother of the good old monk, who assisted us to rescue you, thence to your father, my beloved Matilda.

MATILDA. How much must he have been distressed on my account?

PHIL. Yes, indeed; but how will he rejoice, when he recovers his Matilda? But, alas! how does he recover her? Oh! Matilda, your parents and I, may for ever curse the monks.

MATILDA. I do not know, Sir Knight, whether I should not bless them, since he, who was the constant object of my solitary thoughts, has become my deliverer.

PHIL. Your deliverer from what, Matilda? not merely from the dungeons of the fathers, but from the embraces, the alas! perhaps, not wholly unwelcome embraces of the abbot.

MATILDA. Not unwelcome, Sir Knight? You do me wrong! Your own image, ever present to me, was my surety against unholy thoughts; it gave me courage to declare, that I would instantly strangle myself with my girdle, should any one lay hands on me.

Such a confession, gave additional animation to Sir Philip; delight in the possession of his treasure, succeeded anxiety for its safety, and Matilda's terror was changed into confidence and love. Their conversation became more free, and shortened their toilsome journey; till at length, they perceived the light of day, shining through the thick underwood which covered the outlet. Sir Philip gave up the arm of his fair companion, cut down the bushes with his sword, and they found themselves in soft mossy grass. The birds of the forest welcomed them with their sweet notes; the sun shone bright through the leaves of the high crowned oaks; the murmuring of a rivulet, mingled with the whisperings of the zephyr among the foliage, and with the song of the birds, Matilda and Sir Philip fell down on their

knees, to thank God for having guided them thus far. They then hurried to the left, further into the wood, and soon discovered the hermitage, surrounded with venerable oaks, and all overgrown with dark brown moss. The hermit met them at the door, and after looking at them attentively for a few minutes:

"Welcome," he said, "a thousand times welcome, if you are the children of misfortune, as my heart predicts? See in me your friend; every sufferer has a right to my brotherly love. Matilda threw herself into his extended arms. Sir Philip shook his furrowed hand: "Call us happy," he replied, "since we have found you, the benevolent brother of pious father Joseph."

HERMIT. Do you know my brother?

PHIL. He showed us the way to you, and promised us your friendship.

HERMIT. I thank thee, Joseph, for giving me another opportunity of doing good. Come into my hut, children; I will take care of you, as the fairest flowers in the garden of the Almighty! They entered, brother Jacob set before them fresh water, honey, fruit and bread;

and, after having refreshed themselves, they told him the events which had caused them to take refuge in his hut.

Sir Dietrick heard, the news of his son's death with as much horror as a criminal, who hoped for mercy, receives his condemnation. He shrunk terrified within himself, as if interrupted in the commission of parricide by the last trumpet. When the messenger told him, that the monks of St. Florian had murdered his son, he threw himself on the earth, remained silent for some moments, but then he cried, with a horrid laugh: "Thus, you would tempt me from my cell, fools; as if you could persuade me that the Heavens have fallen when the sun still shines. Who would dare to murder Sir Dietrick's son, and Sir Dietrick himself, still living?"

The violent cries of his followers, the loud laments of the household, aroused his attention; he listened for some time, till his foreboding anxiety threatened to break his heart, and he tore open the door, and mingled the howlings of his grief with the moans of his followers. His

lamentations were soon stopped by the desire of revenge; he drew his sword, and cried aloud:

"Women weep over the dead, to bathe them with the blood of the murderer, becomes a man. Whoever love Ulrick as I loved him, let him devote his sword and his mind to revenge his death."

"We all loved him," said his followers, "and every drop of blood which we do not willingly shed for him, may prove us perjurers and cowards."

DIET. Oh God! I lost only one son, and I have found a hundred. You shall all be my children, if you revenge your brother's death; baptized with blood, you shall all be named like me. Away, to my vassals, summon them all to attack the murderers of my son. We will illuminate the monks' cells with flames, accompany their psalms with the crashings of their walls, and summon them to death by the clashings of our swords! Nail our challenge on the door of their monastery, tell them three days are allowed them by the laws of knighthood for repentance, and that then comes the

day of judgment for their sins!—Away, to my vassals and bondsmen.

Some of his followers hastened away, and called Sir Dietrick's vassals to arms, and others published the feud to the monks of St. Florian. The abbot was terrified at the challenge, for he dreaded Sir Dieterick, and the number of his armed vassals; in his terror he fell at the feet of Sir Wenceslaus of the Rock of Terror, and promised him and his followers an indulgence for fifty years, if he would protect him from this enemy. But Sir Wenceslaus answered.

"What can I do, Sir Abbot, with a hundred followers against the knight of Eagle-eyric and his vassals, some of whom alone can bring a hundred horse into the field. When you persuaded so many knights, who were your friends, to go to the holy war, did I not then warn you? But you thirsted for their estates, which they were obliged to pledge to you. Can you now arm the lifeless stones, and bring them to the field against men?

ABBOT. Vassal, tremble at the revenge of the saint to whom you have sworn obedience.

WEN. I will keep my oath as a knight should, till my blood is all shed beneath the swords of a multitude. If each drop could bring a horseman to our assistance, I would willingly give it all; but, if I fall, who will then fight for you?

WARDEN. You shall not fall, Sir Knight, nor Sir Abbot, shall your courage sink; I will fight against them all, even if our enemies were as numerous as the drops of wine in this flowing bowl. If I am the cause of the quarrel, I also will fight it out.

ABBOT } You!
WEN. }

WARDEN. Yes I. As a boy I was never afraid of mere strength, for I always knew how to conquer by cunning. I jumped on the neck of the buffalo, and struck my spear in his forehead: mastering this powerful beast, whose strength enables him generally to defy three men. Our enemies resemble the buffalo in

ferocity and stupidity; we are already sitting on their backs, and will it be difficult for us to thrust our daggers into their brows?

ABBOT. What dagger will pierce their stony foreheads?

WARD. That of superstition. I will save you, Sir Abbot, let that content you. Bring us no horsemen, Sir Knight, but cunning heads, whose mothers deceived their jealous husbands. Our monastery has money to buy their arms, and our indulgences can bribe their souls. Do you only bring us the men, I will provide instruction.

WEN. I submit to you, father, protector of the monastery of St. Florian.

WARDEN. The saint is himself the protector of his house. I am *only his humble instrument. Let your hundred followers, Sir Knight, join Sir Dietrick to-morrow.*

ABBOT. Are you mad, warden?

WARDEN. Go yourself the day after to Sir Dietrick, pretend that the abbot has affronted you, and that you will fight against him.

WEN. Monk, what do you mean? Shall I break my oath?

WARDEN. You cannot in any other way keep it so conscientiously.

ABBOT. No, warden! shall I throw away my last farthing?

WARDEN. If you will but be guided by wisdom and my councils: yes! Believe me, Sir Abbot, I love no head that ever stood on a pair of shoulders so well as my own; if our enemies conquer, I shall lose it. Let that be your security, and that you may be convinced I do not deceive you, let me be shut up, but my orders be punctually obeyed.

ABBOT. Well, if you save me—

WARDEN. Then I shall save what is to me the dearest thing of the whole world, my own head. Sir Knight, will you go to Eagle-eyric with your followers?

WEN. Will Dietrick confide in a traitor?

WARDEN. Yes; for, at present, anger and revenge are his counsellors.

WEN. Let it be so then! Revenge too councils

me; yet, if we overcome Sir Dietrick, his daughter shall be my wife.

WARDEN. As you like, Sir Knight, we need no women (*to himself.*) You may throw out your hooks and see if you can catch any thing, we shall not trouble ourselves about the matter! (*aloud.*) Sir Abbot, come in my cell, I must there sharpen the arms that are to carry death to our foes.

Early the following day the vassals and friends of Sir Dietrick, horse and foot, collected from all sides, bringing with them their miners and instruments for breaking down the walls. Every knight engaged readily in the quarrel, for none of them thought it probable that young Ulrick of Eagle-eyric had sunk, as the abbot asserted, to the degraded condition of a common church robber. Not far from the monastery Sir Dietrick pitched his camp, and was much surprised as well as all his friends and vassals, that the feudatories of the monastery made not the least preparation for defence; their surprise increased, however, when Sir Wenceslaus appeared in the evening with a hundred horsemen, and offered his assistance

against the abbot. "He has deeply offended me," said the hypocritical knight, "and you will need my arm, for very considerable forces are in march to protect the abbot. Sir Dietrick believed his story, and received him and his followers with grateful joy; unknown to himself he took his sworn enemy to his bosom, and fed at his own table the abbot's spies. Among them, clothed as a harper, was a monk, the right hand man of the warden, who had intrusted him with the execution of his plan. He lived in the principal tent, and when the knights were absent, he remained behind.

Of the three days which must intervene betwixt announcing a feud and the beginning of the attack, two had nearly elapsed, and the knights after having finished exercising their followers, accompanied Sir Dietrick to a feast in his tent. The camp was completely secured against surprise, by numerous sentinels placed around. The day had been very hot, dark clouds, the forerunners of a thunderstorm were visible on the horizon. They came rapidly nearer, like masses of ice driven towards the

shore by a tremendous storm. The setting sun tinged the edges of a shining gold colour, and like a partial maiden, lent its rays only to some parts of the scene. Night and day seemed struggling for mastery, and the flickering light only served to make darkness more fearful. Collected in crowds the men stood admiring, though with awe, the terrific beauty of the dome of heaven.

The knights were assembled in Sir Dietrick's tent, the full bowls went round; they drank, "Success and victory to Sir Dietrick, ruin and perdition to the abbot!" The effects of the wine began to be visible, when the golden edges of the clouds entirely vanished. Pressed onward by the storm, into one dark veil, they collected over the valley, and the loud thunder was echoed from the rocks. This did not however disturb the hilarity of the knights; the minstrels struck their harps, and the company joined chorus in their love and drinking songs. The storm had brought night on earlier than usual, and the whole country around was wrapt in darkness; when suddenly the

disguised monk, cried out aloud: "Protect us all, ye saints:"—sank down from his seat, and covered his face with his hands. The knights looked up from their wine bowls, when lo! on the one side of the tent, there shone bright through the darkness, flaming letters, which filled the hearts of all present with fear, that the cups fell from their hands, and their hair stood on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Every one crossed himself, and invoked his tutelary saint. After the first surprise, Sir Dietrick recovered his speech, he cried: "Harpers! what mean those signs." At that period monks and harpers were alone able to read, and to Sir Dietrick's question, the answer, stammered forth with fear and trembling was as follows:

"Whoever draws his sword against the elect of God, is cursed, for he draws it against God himself!" The fears of the knights were increased by this explanation, and the awful silence was only interrupted by their moans, or the loud rolling of the thunder. Their cries at length brought all the men to the

principal tent, they also saw the flaming words, and were chained to the spot with dismay and horror. Sir Dietrick saw the danger of the moment, he cried: "It is all delusion or deceit," and hurried away. When he re-entered the tent with a flaming torch, the writing vanished: he examined the tent, but no sign nor trace of any thing extraordinary appeared. The knights joyfully rose, and went to look also, but Sir Wenceslaus seized the torch, and, as if by accident, extinguished it; when immediately the words appeared again, and the harpers read them as before. Terror now seized both the knights and their followers, and outside some of Sir Wenceslaus men began to cry: "We are cursed, for we warr against God and his anointed." They were soon joined by the whole multitude, knights and squires, all cried aloud: "We must not fight against God! he already shows his wrath by his thunder! Cursed are you, Dietrick of Eagle-eyric, we must leave you. "Away away!" roared the crowd, "away to the holy abbot, whom God has by a miracle declared innocent! Away, away!" Sir Dietrick entreated and prayed, pledged

his life that the writing was the deceitful work of their enemies: upon his knees he implored his vassals not to leave him; but all in vain. The trumpets already gave the signal for departure, the bondsmen struck the tents, the squires saddled their horses, and in an hour all the knights and their followers departed, cursing the day on which they armed themselves for this expedition. Lonely and forsaken, Sir Dietrick remained in the tent with his faithful Horsel: both stared at the fatal words, Sir Dietrick swore, and raged, wept and groaned; at last he tore the tent cloth to pieces, but the fiery letters shone from among the very rags.

The abbot was soon informed by his spies of the complete success of the artifice. The warden being, like most of the monks of that time, a proficient in alchemy, had prepared in a subterraneous workshop a kind of phosphorus, with which he made his agent, disguised as a harper, write the menacing words on the tent. Joyfully did the abbot embrace the warden, and then, at his recommendation, proceeded to give his blessing at the gates of the monastery, to the assembled knights and

their followers, and to excite them to attack Sir Dietrick. Knights and squires crowded round him, called him a saint, and requested the gift of his scapulary, to protect them against the attacks of disease or of evil spirits. He threw it among them, and in an instant, it was torn in a thousand pieces; every man carefully depositing his share within the collar of his coat of mail. His exhortation to make war against the knight of Eagle-eyrie, was received with loud applause, and immediately some of the people left their companions with the intention to serve God by murdering their lord. They went to the place where the camp had been pitched, but they found him not; he had returned with Horsel to the rocky tower.

Inured to misfortune, he bore this last blow with indifference, for repeated calamities, at length, bestow insensibility on their victim. He sat the whole night with his head sunk down, at the side of the fire which his few faithful attendants had kindled; for, after the thunder-storm, a cold fog had arisen, which was felt more keenly on the top of the rock; he talked

of his son, reminded his followers of the excursions, on which Ulrick had accompanied them and repeated every circumstance which had taken place on such occasions, but without connexion or coherence, and his big tears fell hissing on the hearth-stone. His attendants watched him in silence, and sometimes also wiped away a tear from their own eyes. As the first rays of the sun gilded the roof of the tower, they heard the sound of trumpets, and a herald proclaimed at the foot of the craig, the excommunication of Sir Dietrick, and his exclusion from the community of the church, for having drawn his sword against the minister of the Lord. He was declared an outlaw, as well as those who continued in his service; and his vassals, released by the abbot from their oath of fealty, now openly defied him by the herald. Sir Dietirck's followers, at hearing this speech, threatened to stone the messenger, but their master commanded silence.

"Tell thy abbot, herald," he said, "that I despise him, his curses have reached me, as his action will one day reach the throne of him

who is to judge betwixt us. Tell my vassals, I pity them, the abbot's crozier will scourge their grand-children into slavery, tell my bondsmen, that I forgive them, their simplicity is no match for priestcraft! Tell the knights, once my friends and associates, that I curse the hour when I joined weak wretches like them. Now, farewell, herald." He returned into the tower, and after a little while, ordered several casks of wine from his cellars to be lowered down to the landing-place, and bade all his followers, Horsel excepted, to go down there.

"Few happy days," thus he addressed them, "are in store for us! Go, therefore, my children, and make the best use of the time; descend, and drink till the casks are empty. Your shouts shall rouse me from my apathy. Your war songs shall awaken my slumbering desire for revenge. Descend, our enemies would not hear your shouts from the height, and I wish them to know, that their threats have not damped our courage."

The followers did as Sir Dietrick ordered; but scarcely had they arrived at the landing-place and began to drink, when Sir Dietrick

drew up the rope ladder, the only means of communication with the tower, and called out to them, "Farewell, ye faithful hearts, too well have you served me, that I should reward your attachment with death by starvation! Farewell, go to your wives and your children, or seek other service; I dismiss you."

The men looked up in silence, as if stupified, not knowing what Sir Dietrick meant. He continued, "there are provisions for only two days in the tower, before the end of a week, you would have been ready to kill each other to satisfy your hunger; perhaps, I should have been the last survivor, to die the same death which now awaits me: you are, however, saved; and it is better thus."

The men recovered from their astonishment, and prayed that Sir Dietrick would let down the rope ladder, for they wished to live and die with him.

DIET. I knew your faithfulness, and therefore, was obliged to deceive you, for your own advantage. No ties connect me with this world; my wife, my children are gone; my vassals are

perjured, my friends and followers faithless; why should I wish to live? But your wives would mourn over you; your orphan children cry for bread; your parents would tear their hair; and they would all curse me, as the cause of your death! Would you wish me to die, loaded with just execrations?

Some of them tried to climb the steep rock, but in vain; and on their knees, they implored the knight to re-admit them into the tower.

DIET. I dare not, humanity forbids it, farewell! You will find here double the amount of your wages;—and he threw down a small bag filled with gold—all I ask of you is, never to serve my enemies.

"Sir Knight"—they all cried, we will attack them, they shall expire under our blows, or their horses shall trample us to death."

DIET. Then I should be the cause of your death; besides, what can your small numbers do against the menials of the monks? Go to your children, but forget me not.

"Never, never!" they cried, "where shall we find another master like you?"

Diet. Go to Sir Philip the Lion, and serve him as faithfully as you have served me; tell him I bestow all my property on him, but on condition that he goes in search of my daughter Matilda. Farewell! farewell, God bless you all!

He re-entered the tower, but the wailings of his followers continued for a long time. At length they slowly and mournfully dispersed to their huts, to find consolation with their wives and children.

Sir Dietrick, however, addressing Horsel, said: "I have not kept thee here to repay thy faithfulness as is the way of the world, with glaring ingratitude; but to single thee out from the crowd, and reward thee according to thy merits. My days are numbered, but thou art young and healthy; the world which is closed against me, is open before thee; take, therefore, this purse with gold, and leave me to my fate; build thee a home, but let it be far from monasteries, that the greediness of the monks may not deprive thee of it. Take it, and let us part, but remember me in thy heart!

Horsel. Sir, I have listened to you patiently,

but now allow me to speak. I came poor into the world, and it despised me; it would rob me if I were rich. I have been unfortunate, and found neither assistance nor consolation; but I should be envied and hated if I were successful. When poor, I was honest, but I should become wicked if I were rich: I should oppress those who have oppressed me. Fear of those, who envied me would make me unhappy; care for my riches would deprive me of my sleep, and the idea that my life might last longer than my wealth would make me a miser. If I were to leave you, who has loved me like his own child, and who freed my late wife from punishment and slavery, when the knight of the Rock of Terror nailed her by the ears to the cross at the monastery, I should be a monster of ingratitude. I will not leave you, therefore, Sir Knight.

DIET. Thou shalt not die with me!

HORSEL. But I will, if I reach the gates of heaven in company with you, St. Peter will admit me for your sake.

DIET. Shall I make thee a suicide? I cannot

escape death, it will meet me here, or among the swords of my faithless vassals; but thou hast not been cursed, leave me therefore.

HORSEL. God and my conscience would accuse me if I did; let me die with you.

DIET. Thy presence would make my death more painful.

HORSEL. I will pray by your side, Sir Knight, and you will die easier.

DIET. The sight of my torments will make death dreadful to thee.

HORSEL. It will always be a consolation to me that I share my noble master's fate.

DIET. If thou shouldst die before me, thy last words will curse me.

HORSEL. No, no, I shall always bless you, and you will be no longer tormented by the thought that all human beings are ungrateful.

DIET. Before the throne of God thou wilt be obliged to call me thy murderer.

HORSEL. I shall say: I had nothing to lose on earth, O Lord! but to gain eternal blissedness, by serving an honest man, and dying like a martyr.

DIET. Horsel, thy conduct adds to my grief!

HORSEL. God forgive it me! I cannot, however, leave you. Misfortune has diminished your strength, and weakened your judgment; let me be to you what the crutch is to the lame, or the faithful dog to the blind, it cannot be wrong, to serve in this manner, so good a master.

DIET. Thou revivest in me a wish to live, that I may save thy life.

HORSEL. Indeed, Sir Knight, all hopes are not lost, we may yet escape. Many years ago I wandered one evening about the lower part of the rock; suddenly I heard the voice of your son Ulrick; he was at play with his friends in one of the vaults under the tower, and his voice sounded distinctly through the rock.

DIET. O my son, my son!

HORSEL. I heard them quarrel about an old bow, which they had found there, and they were coming to blows—

DIET. Oh, Ulrick! my son!

HORSEL. I crept through the bushes near to the rock, and knocking hard on it with the hilt

of my sword, cried: "Peace, fellows;" and immediately I heard them run away, crying: "The ghost! the ghost!"

DIET. Run, run, Horsel, to overtake my son Ulrick!

HORSEL. (*in tears.*) He is too far now; if the rock, Sir Knight, is so thin in that place that the sound pierces it; could we not easily dig through it? If we could succeed in making a hole, we might escape by its means, and then stop it up; we could carry with us your treasures, and far from here we could enlist men—

DIET. And return to revenge our wrongs on our persecutors! Horsel, the voice of fate speaks by thee.

HORSEL. We alone shall know how to get into the tower; it will be inaccessible to every body else.

DIET. Then I shall wander through the world to seek my own Matilda; and, wherever I find her, I will erect an hospital for an hundred sick. Horsel, let us go immediately.

HORSEL. To die by the hands of your enemies! No, Sir Knight, a few days longer we

must stay here, till every probability of our being alive seems to have disappeared.

DIET. Days! hours seem too long. That I should ever think the habitation of my forefathers irksome! and yet, without a wife, a son, or children.

While they were thus speaking, the besiegers began to form a line of waggons round the tower, which kindled Sir Dietrick's wrath anew, and poured oil into his lamp of life. He thirsted for revenge, and a desire of revenge, like hope, keeps the unfortunate from thinking of death.

He and Horsel dined sparingly, to make their provisions last the longer. The knight sounded the castle bell, as if requesting the assistance of distant friends; and, in the meantime, Horsel dug through the rock. This they continued for three days. On the fourth, the bell was tolled faintly, to make their enemies believe that hunger had already exhausted their strength. This stratagem took effect, and the besiegers sent a trumpeter to signify to the knight: that, if he would lower the rope lad-

der, they would be content with subjecting him to honourable confinement. Their greediness prompted them to this measure, as Dietrick was well aware, and he returned for answer:

"Let the castle of my ancestors be my grave, I shall not surrender!"

The next day the bell was no longer heard, the monks and their associates took it for granted, that the knight was either dead or dying, yet they remained in their position at the foot of the rock three days longer, and then departed to carry to the abbot the news of their victim's death. When Sir Dietrick saw this, he went with Horsel into the treasury and each hid in his cap and other garments as much gold as they could conveniently carry; then, in the dead of night, crept through the opening of the rock, which they closed up with stones. Thus did Sir Dietrick, with tearful eyes and a beating heart, accompanied by his faithful attendant, leave the castle of his fathers.

Sir Philip the Lion, and the fair Matilda, had already spent five days in the hut of the good

hermit; yet they did not venture to depart, as the serfs, who visited the old father, and brought him provisions, often mentioned that the roads were infected by straggling warriors, who plundered and murdered every traveller they met with. The quantity of provisions, greater than usual, which the hermit required, being however mentioned to the abbot, he suspected that the hermitage was the refuge of Matilda, and he set out for it accompanied by the warden, and a few of his bondsmen. On the evening of the sixth day, the hermit, who, from the deep silence of his solitude, was accustomed to notice the most insignificant sounds: heard the trampling of horses at a distance. "Children, said he, this noise bodes no good; knights rarely pass through this thicket, which is far from any road. I am afraid your pursuers are coming; hide yourselves, therefore, in the loft where I dry my fruit for the winter. Should they seek you even there, climb through the hole in the roof up the oak tree which overshadows my hut: hidden by its thick branches, you will be

perfectly safe." Philip instantly assisted Matilda to get into the loft, and the hermit hid the knight's armour under his couch. Hardly had they got out of sight, when they heard some one at the door ask for a night's lodging. The voice seemed familiar to Sir Philip, and, climbing up the oak tree, he perceived the abbot and warden. "We shall spend the night here, and return at day-break," said the warden to their followers. "Go, therefore, to the hostelrie near the chapel of St. Erick, and return here at sun-rise." The horsemen departed accordingly, and took the two mules with them on which the abbot and warden had ridden. Sir Philip then descended and told Matilda what he had heard, yet concealed from her, that the two persons were the abbot and warden. He did all he could to console and persuade her to partake of the dry fruit which the hermit had collected for the winter; and at length conquered her fear of being discovered even there. Matilda gave full credit to his assertions; it is so natural to believe what we wish, especially, when asserted by those we

love. She placed her confidence in God, and her good cause, and, resting her head on a bundle of dry rushes, fell into a sound sleep. Her faithful Philip sat with his sword drawn, ready to defend his sleeping mistress. The abbot fatigued by his journey, stretched himself out on a bench, and, for a considerable time, the silence in the hermitage was unbroken. Sir Philip, through a hole in the floor, then saw the hermit light his lamp, and heard the abbot, somewhat refreshed, order the warden to prepare supper. The latter drew quickly from his wallet, a wheaten loaf, and an immense flagon; desired the hermit to bring fruit and honey, and then sat down to participate in the meal.

"A pilgrim's repast!" grumbled the abbot. "Did I not tell you, warden, that the night would overtake us. I wish I were in the monastery."

WARD. You will relish good fare so much the better to-morrow. Here we drink wine and eat bread in safety, but, if we had continued our journey, we should have run the risk of being caught on the road by Sir Diet-

rick's enraged followers, who wander about in the valley.

JACOB. You are perfectly safe here, or else I should not have advised you to send away your people. No! I have no thieves about, except the mice, and still less murderers. A poor hermit has no enemies.

WARD. But numerous friends, who supply you in one day with more bread than three people can consume in that time. Isn't it so, brother Jacob?

JACOB. Why, yes; the peasants like old Jacob, and bring him plenty of bread, and he explains their dreams, or assists them with his advice.

WARD. Have you any of the two loaves left, which Wellbrand, Sir Wenceslaus' bondsman brought you yesterday? For this night we will be quite like a hermit, reverend father, give us some of the bread you eat?

JACOB. Some bread?

WARD. Yes!—what is the matter? do you expect to find bread on the ground, that you look so earnestly on it? Have you none left?

JACOB. None, I am afraid!

WARD. Well, you have a good appetite? Who could have thought, that solitude were such an excellent preservative of health. Brother Jacob is ninety years old, and consumes every day a whole rye loaf!—Or have you had guests?

These words roused Sir Philip's attention.

WARD. Ha! old gray hairs, is thy conscience still so powerful that even in thy ninetieth year it presses the blood into thy cheeks. Thou hast concealed Philip the Lion, and his mistress. Deny it if thou can's't, and give the lie to thy guilty blushes. What! does thy cunning forsake thee? Speak! the knight was here!

JACOB. He was.

ABBOT. And the maiden with him? Where are they now?

JACOB. I do not know every thing.

WARD. But we are able to make thee tell what thou dost know!

JACOB. I am ninety years old, my life is of no value to me! I do not fear your power.

ABBOT. What! wilt thou defy us? Who

am I? Knights kiss the spot on which I tread, and thou miserable wretch, darest—

WARDEN. Be not angry, reverend father; allow me, to prophesy his fate to this old sinner. He is indifferent to life or death, but not to honour or shame. Hermit, the people call thee a saint; but I will show them that thou art a cheat, that Jacob of Curbach on account of an assassination———

JACOB. Assassination! Is killing a man in the heat of anger, assasination?—

WARDEN. Be silent! I will tell the people that Jacob of Curbach on account of an assasination, which he did not dare to defend before his peers, fled to this place to hide his crime behind the mossy walls of a hermitage, and to make it the seeds of his salvation. Now, choose; yet know first that Philip the Lion, with Ulrick of Eagle-eyric, broke into our sanctuary to plunder it. God punished the latter by my poniard. he died at my feet, and vultures and eagles feast on the body of the excommunicated robber. Now choose between shame, or discover the hiding place of Philip the Lion.

The listening knight trembled with rage at hearing of the murder of his friend. He gently lifted the trap-door, descended the ladder, and was at the entrance of the cell, without being observed:

"Choose," cried the warden, a third time.

"The devil chooses thee," cried Sir Philip, as he sprang forward, and stabbed the warden to the heart.

The hermit shuddered; the abbot uttered a loud cry, and fell fainting to the earth; the warden clenched his fists at the knight, groaned dreadfully and expired.

The hermit was the first to recover his senses, for even Sir Philip stood in silent dismay looking at the dead man.

JACOB. Sir Knight, what deed have you done?

PHILIP. A deed which makes me the benefactor of all the country around. I have slain the wolf who devoured the lambs—the devil who seduced the abbot.

JACOB. You have slain a fellow-creature!

PHILIP. Not a fellow-creature—a demon.

JACOB. You have killed him in the midst of his sinful career. He is gone without atonement or repentance.

PHILIP. God forgive me! May he also forgive the warden's sins. But I have killed the tiger which prayed on every animal. The scorpion which secretly stung honest men. Can you still cry, 'woe! woe!' over my deed?

JACOB. If not over the deed, yet over its consequences. The followers of the abbot are near. How will you escape? Not even the murdering of him will save you.

PHILIP. I expect to find safety from preserving his life. Try to recover him. I go to Matilda.

He lighted a piece of pine at the lamp, and ascended the ladder. The groans of the warden had awakened Matilda, and filled her with fears. She called Sir Philip, but received no answer. She thought he might have fallen asleep; but, when she saw him return, pale, sprinkled with blood, the flaming pine torch in in his hand, she screamed aloud, crying: "Holy Vigin, protect me! it is his ghost!"

PHILIP. Be not afraid, Matilda, I bring thee the warrant of our liberty! written in blood, it is true, but not in mine. The warden is dead—killed by my hands; the abbot is in a swoon.

MATILDA. Are you mad, Sir Knight? What can you mean? How came the abbot here?

PHILIP. In search of us. Come, Matilda, follow me! I take you indeed to witness a horrid scene, where death has put his seal on the countenance of a scoundrel. This one hour of terror, however, will be followed by years of joy.

MATILDA. With thee I know no fear.

They descended. The abbot was still insensible; the hermit chafed his pale countenance with wine, but in vain. Matilda, shook like a reed on the shore during the storm; she clung to Sir *Philip*, and *said trembling*; "What a dreadful sight; the type of hell!—and I the cause?

Every one was, indeed, confused. Philip now dried the big drops of sweat from the abbot's forehead, now tried to pacify the hermit, to comfort Matilda, and then he took hold of the stiffning hands of the dead man, and

laid them folded upon his breast. Matilda, wept and prayed incoherently, she tore her golden bracelets from her arms, and threw them to the abbot; saying, "Buy masses for the warden's soul."

The abbot, at last recovered; but started when he saw Matilda, hid his face in his scapulary and groaned—"Woe, woe to me!".

"Abbot," said Sir Philip, "look up and be composed."

ABBOT. Composed in his presence who murdered my friend; and a maiden there, who must curse me?

MATILDA. Sir Abbot, I forgive you. The warden led you astray.

ABBOT. Heavenly mildness! thus to forgive me.

PHILIP. Sir Abbot, can you listen composedly to what I have to say.

ABBOT. I can if you remove this corpse, the distorted features of which, even now seem to advise me to dissemble.

Sir Philip dragged the body into the remotest corner of the hut, and returning, said to

the abbot, "Your life, till your attendants return, is in my hands; but I will not use my power. Even then, I shall be in possession of your honour. You are a proud but a weak man; the warden seduced you, he flattered your desires till they became his allies, and he, whom you took to be your slave, became your master. I have freed you from his tyranny, for which you ought to thank me. This maiden—

ABBOT. Say no more, Sir Knight. Every drop of this blood, cries aloud to me of my sins. Your curses could not be more dreadful to me than these dumb accusers.

PHILIP. You have said that Ulrick of Eagle-eyric and I——

MATILDA. Oh! my brother, my brother! where shall I find thee?

PHILIP ——meant to steal the treasure of the monastery; when your followers come in the morning, Matilda shall tell them, that she was stolen by your order from her father's castle, that threats and persuasions were alternately employed to complete her ruin; that I liberated her, and by that means, drew on

myself, your revenge. Contradict this, if you can. You can murder us if you choose, but can you silence the rumour which will soon spread, that the abbot of St. Florian is a ravisher and an assassin—that he has taken the image of the Saviour from the altar of his chapel, and placed a woman in its stead; that he blesses with his tongue, while, with his hands, he scatters poison; that his prayers are a homage to the devil, who glories in his hopeful pupil. To stop people's tongues is impossible, and our death will be revenged by your shame. This art, Sir Abbot, I learnt a few minutes ago, from your worthy confederate. Now choose—

ABBOT. Why choose? There is only one road. To-morrow, when my followers arrive, I will order them to accompany you to any place you please.

They, at length, came to a compromise; the abbot pledged himself to lead a more holy life in future, to make father Joseph warden, and to send his men to conduct Matilda and Sir Philip in safety to Lion Tower, which the latter

chose in preference to Eagle-eyrie, it being considerably nearer to the hermitage. Sir Philip promised in return, to keep the secret upon which the abbot's honour depended, as long as he kept his promise of behaving well. They agreed farther, that brother Jacob should accompany the young couple, and that the hermitage was to be set on fire, to bury under its ruins, every vestige of the warden, and the horrors he had occasioned.

All were equally relieved and rejoiced when the first rays of the sun brought the abbot's followers to the hermitage. He went out to meet them, acquainted them, in Sir Philip's presence, that those people who attempted to rob the monastery, had usurped the names of the two knights, and finally ordered them to accompany Sir Philip to his father's castle. The knight accepted the offer of a horse from one of the men, and took Matilda before him. Father Jacob set fire to a heap of dry rushes in one corner of his hut, and, a few minutes after they had left it, the flames broke through the roof. When in sight of the monastery, the abbot took

his leave, and the rest of the caravan continued their journey to Lion Tower.

In the mean time, Sir Dietrick, with his faithful companion, followed the course of the Elbe. They pursued their journey by night, always dreading that they might meet and be recognized by some of the abbot's friends. When they came near the habitation of men, Horsel went to beg some bread, for fear that their money might betray them, and tempt somebody to rob and murder them. During the day, they climbed up trees, and there took their miserable meal. They wandered about for three nights, and neither of them knew where they were nor whither to go. They were silent, for each knew that the other had no information to give. On the fourth night, Sir Dietrick separated from his companion, and, not aware of this till he had wandered alone for some time, calling and seeking were then in vain. At daybreak, he climbed up a tall oak tree, looked around, and called aloud, but neither saw nor heard of Horsel. Echo alone mocked him, repeating the name of his last friend. He de-

scended mournfully from his observatory, sat down on the ground, and lamented aloud the loss of his Horsel, who, at that very time, was shedding bitter tears at the separation from his beloved master. Sir Dietrick, however, was sooner consoled than Horsel, for he thought that his faithful follower could not be entirely miserable, as he had plenty of money, which, at all times and places, would procure him friends. Still, he continued his journey in the evening, much more melancholy than before; he seemed to have lost every thing in losing this his last friend, who, for some time past, had been all the world to him. Hunger, at length, obliged him to bend his steps towards a glimmering light at a distance, which conducted him to a village, to the door of the hut whence it shone. He knocked; a peasant looked through a broken window, and asked: "What do you want?"

"A piece of bread," said Sir Dietrick, "to satisfy my hunger."

"Beg by day!" grumbled the man, and flung to the window. The knight sunk down on the threshold of this pityless wretch; but hunger

conquered his pride, he again begged for bread; the rough voice of the cottager bid him be gone from the door, or he would set the dogs at him.

"I have money," said Sir Dietrick, "I will pay for what I get;" immediately the door was opened, and the peasant assisted the knight to enter.

Cot. Come in and rest yourself; I will give you bread for money. The knight took out a piece of gold, without reflecting that it would betray him. The man looked astonished, and shaking his head, asked, "Who are you, to go a-begging, with gold in your purse?

Diet. A poor banished oppressed man; a father without children; a solitary being in this wide world.

Cot. Surely also an honest man, or you would not be oppressed and banished: but eat, (*giving the knight bread;*) don't think that I am an inhuman wretch, because I would not admit you. I have been so often cheated by day-light, that I trust no body by night.

Sir Dietrick looked up, and fixed his eyes on the man: "Who are you?" he inquired.

Cot. A serf whom my master, the abbot means to sell to-morrow, because I cannot perform the services required of me, on account of the death of my cattle. When his people find nothing here to-morrow, but a few crusts of mouldy bread, and the water-pail, he will order me to be whipped, as he did my brother yesterday, because we could not prevent the destroying angel from laying hands on our cattle.

"Ha! are all abbots demons then?" cried Sir Dietrick, gnashing his teeth and foaming with rage.

"Jesus, Maria! What is the matter?" said the peasant, terrified at the knight's frenzy.

Diet. Take me for your servant! allow me to pay the abbot his rent; that will give me an opportunity to pay a debt of some standing of my own.

Cot. Holy Virgin! what can that be? good man leave my hut, you terrify me.

Diet. Look at me? How meagre are these limbs? the monks devoured my flesh, and

sucked the marrow from my bones. Hatred of them has furrowed my brow! I can only curse now! could I but grasp their necks with these clutches, I would make them all tremble?

Cot. Has the abbot seized on your property also?

Diet. Property! he has taken away my all, my wife, my children, my peace of mind. Even my belief in God and a future life. He has made my name a reproach among men, bleached my hair before the time, and degraded me to be the tool of hell!

Cot. O Sir! good Sir! only pray, and you will feel better. I was praying when you came, and you see God heard me. This piece of gold will more than pay my debts to the abbot, and I will return you what is left to-morrow.

"If gold will help you," cried the knight, and embraced the peasant, "I can serve you. You have feelings left! You are still a human being!" Then taking the poniard from his bosom, he ripped open a plait in his doublet,

took out a few pieces of gold, and offered them to his host. "Take these," he said, "and buy cattle."

Cot. Who are you, Sir?

Diet. Take them, I say!

Cot. That the gold might scorch my hands!

Diet. Fool! I am no demon!

Cot. Before you tell me who you are, I take nothing from you, not even that. And he threw down the first gold piece.

Diet. No, rather than that you should suffer, I will bear still more. Here, take this poniard.

Cot. What means that?

Diet. (*wildly.*) Take it! The peasant took the poniard *with a trembling hand.*

Diet. Know then, that I am the excommunicated Dietrick of Eagle-eyric. You may kill me, therefore; but before you go to denounce me, take all the gold that is concealed in my clothes. Don't hesitate!

Cot. Good God! how could I murder you?

Diet. Yet, you could betray me! Strike! and all the gold is thine! But no, spare my

life; I have still a daughter, once more I must see her.'

Cot. Sir Knight, you are ill; I'll go to the monastery for a leech.

Diet. Monastery? no! no! here is the gold, keep it, but betray me not!'

He took his poniard and the bread which the peasant had set before him, and hurried from the hut. His astonished host called after him in vain. Refreshed by what he had eaten, the knight walked on with long strides, till the day dawned, then laid down in a cavern, and after a few hours sleep, awoke much recovered.

He thought himself now far enough from his home to continue his journey by day without danger, and to seek shelter by night in places built for the reception of pilgrims and other travellers. He wandered on a long time without meeting any such place, and towards nightfall sat down near a spring weary and exhausted, where he soon fell asleep. A little while after him, a monk came to the same spot, who, seeing the wretchedness of Sir Dietrick's

appearance, regarded him as unworthy of any attention. "A sick beggar," he murmured to himself, whose life or death is of no importance. I'll let him lie, for who would reward me for my trouble? I am weary," and he took water from the fountain and drank. "Perhaps he is already dead;" and stretching out his greasy hand to feel the knight's heart, he discovered the money concealed in Sir Dietrick's doublet. He hastily tore it open, took the poniard and ripped up the lining. The gold pieces tumbled out, and his stupid eyes shone with joy; he picked them up, carefully counted them, and put them into his wallet, looking all the time fearfully round whether any body was near. The air blowing on the uncovered breast of the knight, awakened him just then, and seeing the monk, he cried:

"Hellish fiend, avaunt." The monk stared and trembled, his hand dropt the poniard. Sir Dietrick seized it, and made a feeble effort to stab the monk, who, only slightly grazed, ran off crying, "Murder, murder!"

At first the knight imagined the whole was

a dream, but the cut doublet and the loss of part of his money soon convinced him of the reality, and he was loud in his curses and complaints against the greediness which plundered even the sick and forlorn traveller. Seeing some persons at a distance, however, he plunged into the darkest recesses of the wood, his little remaining faith in the justice and kindness of men being now entirely destroyed.

He sought out the most solitary places, shunned the light of day, and the sight of his fellow creatures, supporting his miserable existence with roots, and berries, and spring water. One night he was overtaken by sleep, in a place not so remote as his usual haunts from the habitation of men. In the morning he was awakened by a young and handsome maiden, who said to him: "Art thou a man who fears nothing, and dares every thing?"

DIET. Yes! for I have nothing to lose.

MAIDEN. Whom brother Lawrence appointed to meet me here at this hour?

Sir Dietrick, though much astonished at this address, answered, "Yes."

MAIDEN. What I want of thee thou canst learn from myself. I have been affronted by a knight in this neighbourhood. He neglected me for another, slighted me before assembled knights and ladies, disgraced and dishonoured me. Fain would I have her blood, who is preferred to me, she is beyond my reach, but he shall not escape. Injuries like mine call for revenge, and he shall die! Here, take this gold; I can reward you even more bounteously.

Sir Dietrick looked at the gold and then at the lady, doubtful what to think or to do. At length, all humanity not yet being quite extinguished in him, he thought, by pretending to do her commands, he might rescue her intended victim from destruction, and save even herself from repentance. "What, lady," he said, "am I to do for this gold? There was a time, indeed, when my arm was more fit than at present to do your behests. But command me. I will readily serve you."

MAIDEN. The knight I have mentioned to you, in half an hour's time, will pass yonder road on horseback, in consequence of an invi-

tation from me: his scarf is grey and red. Bring me his head, and you shall be rewarded to your utmost desire.—She turned from him, and walked away.

Sir Dietrick looked after her full of hidden rage. "A monk! or the devil in a woman's clothes," said he. "A knight courts another lady, and for that reason she orders him to be murdered. Woman! woman! did not Matilda belong to thy sex, I had throttled thee!

Seating himself by the road side, he soon saw a knight approach, wearing a gray and red scarf. Sir Dietrick walked up to the horse and cooly asked the rider; "Are you going to visit the lady in yon castle?"

KNIGHT. Yes! what is that to you?

DIET. Nothing, but that she, who invited you, charged me to murder you. Don't grasp your sword, Sir Knight, if I had meant to murder you, I should not have spoken to you. Be prudent and ride home.

KNIGHT. Who are you?

DIET. That is nothing to you! ride home, I say!

KNIGHT. Not till I know his name who saved my life!

DIET. Then you may stop here till the grass grows under your horse's hoofs: nobody knows me, nor ever shall know me.

KNIGHT. At least let me thank you.

DIET. I need not your thanks!

KNIGHT. Take this belt ornamented with gold, it is but little.

DIET. It is too much for me, and saying this he turned away and darted into the pathless forest, whither the knight on horseback could not follow him.

This wandering restless life, became every day more irksome to Sir Dietrick, and he began to long heartily for some place of rest, and were it the grave. His heart was the constant pray of contending emotions, and his understanding was sometimes bewildered. He seemed to forget every thing that had happened to him, and asked himself, "Why he thus fled the society of men, like the wild goat of the rock; why he dared not look up during the day, and enjoy the enlivening beams of

the sun?" At other times he would call himself a weak wretch, who bereft of wife, children, fortune and honour, could yet consent to live, and forget, for a moment, all that he had lost. Again, he cursed himself for thus seeking concealment like the greatest criminal when he was the person injured; for wailing and groaning like a woman while he possessed a poniard to avenge his wrongs, and gold to buy assistants. At such moments, he formed the resolution to go back into the world, and furiously to attack and destroy his enemies. He accordingly left his hiding place during the day, but whenever he saw a human being, he fled to the darkest recesses of the wood, laid down at the foot of a tree, and bemoaned the loss of his Matilda.

This he often repeated. One morning he found himself in the midst of a large forest, where numerous heaps of wood burning to make charcoal, reminded him of man, he even heard somebody sing at a little distance, and he quickly climbed up an oak tree, to hide himself among its foliage; but, before he could

atchieve this, he heard a voice, crying, "Where to, good friend?"

Sir Dietrick looked down and saw a collier. "Out of the world," he answered.

COLLIER. That road leads not out of the world.

DIET. At least it leads away from men.

COLLIER. My poverty keeps them far from me—you may come down.

DIET. That you may betray me to my enemies—

COLLIER. Fool! If you had pulled the pope's beard, what is that to me? Good luck to you on your journey, if you will go; here you are good for nothing, your suspicions would make yourself and every body else miserable.

DIET. You flatter me not.

COLLIER. Why should I? I expect nothing from you.

DIET. Well, I'll come down, and he descended. His wretched appearance startled the honest collier, who said: "Good man, come to my hut, you are very ill. I'll

give you a balsam made of wild roots, and you will soon be better.

DIET. I am well enough.

COLLIER. Your eyes say no; they are as dim as the sky in rainy weather; your cheeks are as pale as ashes, your blue white lips scarcely cover your teeth. You must follow me to my cabin, or I will carry you there against your will. Away with you, you are a fellow—

DIET. *(with a low voice)* Is there a monastery near here?

COLLIER. St. Bruno's is three miles off.

DIET. Do any of the monks ever come to you?

COLLIER. Never! what should bring them among poor people like us?

DIET. I'll go with you then.

He accompanied the collier to his hut, who there obliged him to drink some water in which he had mixed a few drops of a brown liquor.

You are poor, said Sir Dietrick after a long silence.

I am rich, for I have what I want, was the reply. Shortly afterwards the knight was overtaken by sleep. His host locked the door of the hut, and went to his business.

The sun had finished half its course, when the knight awoke. He was hungry and thirsty, but strengthened by the draught and the sleep. On the collier's return, Dietrick asked for food.

COLLIER. You shall have some. If my son had returned from the mill in the dark valley, I would make you a good mess of potage, but as he is not, you must be satisfied with bread and honey. Of this there was plenty, and both sat down to eat.

The collier took off his cap to say grace. Sir Dietrick only looked at him.

COLLIER. Don't you pray?

DIET. No! the curses of monks have taken away my confidence in God, and without hope of being heard, wherefore should I pray? A gentle knocking was heard at the door of the hut, the collier opened it and an old man entered. He had a long beard as white as silver, and was dressed in a grey woollen

gown. On his head was a crown of straw and oak-leaves, from his right shoulder hung a black scarf adorned with the heads of ravens and owls; in his right hand he held a bow, and in his left a walking stick.

"Welcome!" said the collier to him, "sit down and eat," which he did. Notwithstanding his hunger, Sir Dietrick stopped eating, to gaze on the remarkable figure of the old man, whom he would have taken for a spectre, had he not seen him attack lustily the fare of his host.

"Why don't you eat?" said the collier. Sir Dietrick took some food, but his eyes rested continually upon the strange guest, who soon rose and went away, without having spoken a single word.

"Who is that old man?" asked he of Eagle-eyric.

COLLIER. It is the old miller of the dark valley. He is mad, and generally eats ravens and owls, but sometimes he comes to my cabin and shares my food. His home is a deep cavern.

DIET. What drove him mad?

COLLIER. Nobody knows exactly, but many stories are told about it.

DIET. What are they?

COLLIER. In a narrow valley, about six miles from hence, there is a mill belonging to the monastery of St. Bruno, of which this old man, once a noble knight, was till lately the tenant. He disappeared, some years ago for more than a twelve-month, and when he returned and hired this mill, he was quite a changed man. He was formerly kind, gentle, and confiding; often excusing me his bondsman, from paying any rent; but after this, he became harsh, unkind, and silent; nobody but the priests heard one word from his mouth; it was even said that he murdered the pilgrims who passed through the valley, and that he had received full absolution, so that the evil one had no power over him. But this I don't believe; such an absolution, though it may keep the devil at a distance, cannot quiet one's conscience.

It is now about two months, since, on the

evening of St. Bartholomew's, he left the mill, and took up his abode in a cavern, living on ravens and owls which he killed by means of a bow, and devoured them raw; he used to carry their heads to the gates of the monastery, but now he fastens them to his scarf. The monks of St. Bruno have often sent to intreat him to return, but he always sends the messenger home soundly beaten, and they now seek another tenant for their mill.

DIET. Will you guide me to the cavern he inhabits?

COL. What do you mean to do there?

DIET. I want to speak to him.

COL. The old man has been speechless so long, that he will hardly find speech for you.

DIET. Never mind that, I'll go.

When the collier saw that Sir Dietrick was serious in this request, he showed him the way to the cavern which had been created by the hand of nature; in a large rock, surrounded by high black pines, bramble bushes, large thistles with their red crowns, and slender nettles, nearly hid the entrance by their exuberant

growth. Dark green ivy climed up the steep wall, and was made to twine round a human skull, fastened to the rock. The internal walls of the cavern were covered and glistened with drops of water, which fell continually with a hollow sound on the stone floor. The old man was not there, and Sir Dietrick laid down at the entrance to wait for him. He soon came, and apparently taking no notice, passed by into the interior of the cavern, whence he quickly returned with his bow strung, and an arrow directed at the knight's heart. Sir Dietrick moved not, but said: "Let fly your arrow, you set a prisoner free; the old man took the arrow from his bow, and broke it, laughing aloud.

Sir Dietrick rose, seized his hand, and said: "Father, who are you?"

The old man regarded him with a fearful grin, took up a handful of dust, and threw it in the air.

DIET. Dust indeed! Yet are we often like rocks, fate sharpens its weapons on us, and destroys us not.

The old man looked inquisitively at the knight, collected some wood, and re-entered the cavern,

followed by his uninvited guest. He lighted a fire, tore the owls' and ravens' heads from his scarf, and threw them into the flame. A disgusting stink filled the cavern, which he seemed to inhale with pleasure; soon after he laid down and fell asleep, the knight followed his example.

At midnight, Sir Dietrick was awakened by being violently shaken, and a hollow voice, asked: "Who art thou?"

Sir Dietrick answered fearlessly: "The nursling of misfortune."

THE VOICE. Who made thee miserable?

DIET. Monks.

VOICE. Canst thou forgive them?

DIET. Never.

VOICE. Hast thou courage to revenge thyself?

DIET. Courage enough to tear them from the devil's hands, should he claim them, before my revenge was completed.

VOICE. How did they injure thee?

DIET. They bereft me of my wife, my children, of honour, liberty! of all I possess.

VOICE. Go then, at day-break, to the dark valley; climb the ruins of the watch tower; there thou wilt find gold ———

DIET. I have gold.

VOICE. Be silent, or I shall be dumb for ever. Take that gold, go to the monastery of St. Bruno, tell the monks thou art come to hire their mill; obey their commands as conscientiously, as if uttered by the mouth of an angel, and thou wilt be the avenger of thy own wrongs and mine. On the fifteenth night from this, I will come to thee and tell thee more.

DIET. I will obey thee and the monks.

Silence again reigned in the cavern, but the knight was sleepless. He reflected on what he had heard, he compared it with what he had seen, and wished to ask an explanation from his mysterious host; but he feared to loose by indulging his curiosity, the promised gratification of his revenge. The old man soon fell asleep again, his body was at rest, but his mind seemed active in remembering misfortune and grief; for he sighed aloud in his sleep, pronounced curses on the monks, and prayed that God would release him, by means of death, from the torments of a conscience loaded with crimes. He spoke much, but Sir Dietrick could disco-

ver little sense or connexion in what he said. The words, "No, I shall not murder him!—No, he is my prince, my lord, my friend.—Don't deceive me priest.—It cannot please God, he cannot order a false oath.—What! can assassination be agreeable to him? No, never!" were, however, so often repeated, accompanied, it is true, by a great deal of nonsense, that they made Sir Dietrick suspect some horrid crime. When the first rays of the sun began to illuminate the black stone walls, Sir Dietrick rose, gently kissed the old man's forehead, and left the cavern.

The smoke from the burning charcoal served to guide him to the hospitable collier, whom he requested to shew him the way to the monastery of St. Bruno. The collier was much surprised and anxious to learn what had happened to the knight, in the cavern of the old madman. But Sir Dietrick, preserved an obstinate silence, and the collier, at length, consented to accompany him to the monastery.

Only he who has given up all hope in the justice of fate, and seeks in his own despair the means of revenge, can expect consolation and

assistance from his enemies, can call death his friend—can worship the fire that consumes his dwelling; and preserve, as an emblem of joy, the poniard which slew a beloved wife. Such a man was Dietrick of Eagle-eyric. He deemed himself abandoned by God, and therefore, resolved to build an altar, and sacrifice to the evil spirit. He thought, that Matilda was either dead or dishonoured by the monks. Like a wild beast he sought for a den, where he might, in security, prey on his enemies; and trusting he should find such a den in the mill, he hurried to the monastery, as if festive music invited him to the celebration of his daughter's marriage. The horror he used to feel when he approached a convent, now changed into the trembling of expectation.

"Here dwell thy assistants in the work of revenge," he cried, when first he saw the steeple of Bruno's church, quickened his pace, and soon arriving, knocked violently at the gates of the monastery. The porter admitted him immediately, on hearing that he came to hire the mill of the dark valley; but he was obliged to wait

in the hall, till he had been announced to the reverend abbot.

Sir Dietrick recollecting in these few minutes of solitude what he had been, grew almost mad from hatred, now that he was in the very den of the villains, who had terrified his wife to death, murdered his son and dishonoured his Matilda. His desire for revenge was at its height; and yet, he, a free-born knight, meant to become the serf of his enemies, the bondsman of priests, and the tool of infamous impostors. He was on the point of shrinking from this degradation, and, hastening away from the monastery, when he remembered the words of the old man, "Obey the monks, and thou wilt revenge thine own wrongs and mine;" "and my wife's, and my children's," cried Sir Dietrick, "and should my soul share the fate of the wicked, I will obey."

He was introduced to the abbot, whom he found at his breakfast, respectfully waited on by three monks. "May the wine you take turn to poison," murmured the knight, "you bought it with the blood of your bondsmen!"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" the abbot addressed him.

DIET. I want to hire your mill; who I am, you will learn on the day when the deeds of all men shall be judged.

ABBOT. Have you gold to pay the rent?

DIET. I was, for years, head butler to a bishop, of what he stole from the church, I stole the half from him; I am rich, therefore.

ABBOT. You are an audacious criminal, whom we shall punish and compel to make restitution.

DIET. You are also priests. I wish you were the heads of the church. I would make restitution with my poniard.

ABBOT. Man, you are mad!

DIET. Not mad, reverend sir, only in a fever!

ONE OF THE MONKS. For ten gold pieces, you shall touch the girdle of St. Bruno three times, which cures all fevers, however obstinate.

DIET. Impossible, impossible! Mine is the fever of the brain; the tears of man are my medicine, and my thirst is for blood!

ABBOT. Ha! you are our man. Sit down,

fellow, and listen to me attentively. Not so near me—there beside brother Felix.

DIET. Fear not, Sir Abbot; a single murder is not enough for me, and you are not now fit to die. But when you come from the forced embraces of the daughter of your bondsman, and order the father to be whipped, then avoid me; for I might open the gates of hell to you!

ABBOT. Thou art a great rascal; but the better for us. You seem to know mankind, as well as the monks.

DIET. You make a proper distinction between men and monks.

ABBOT. God made the monks the masters of man—

DIET. Do not put yourself out of tune, Sir Abbot, or you will put me in!

ABBOT. He endowed them with two means of government, gentleness and severity. The first is often ineffectual for people proud of their strength, or of their illustrious descent, they often forget our fatherly love.

DIET. The love of the wild sow, that devours her own young.

ABBOT. They forget that we chastise and scourge ourselves——

DIET. With the wine cup, and in the arms of your concubines——

ABBOT. To atone for their sins; that our nights are sleepless——

DIET. Scheming how to plunder your neighbours.

ABBOT.—Praying for their welfare.

DIET. True, your brother priests have often prayed for me, and the devil heard them! But to our business abbot, or I might be induced to pray.

ABBOT. Fathers punish their children to correct them, they remove those who encourage the others to disobedience. Our consecrated hands must not be stained with blood, and yet our duty requires us to administer justice. As God punishes, so must we punish, though it be with tearful eyes and a bleeding heart.

DIET. And am I to be your executioner?

ABBOT. Not ours, but the executioner of the commands of God.

DIET. In the cowl of a monk! The blood of my victims—

ABBOT. Be on our heads; we give you absolution in advance.

DIET. (*to himself.*) Thou said'st true, old mad-man; thus I avenge thee and myself.

ABBOT. If we wrongly interpreted the will of God, if your hands shed innocent blood—

DIET. Yours be the punishment.

ABBOT. Be it so. At your death we shall wrap you in a cloak, which the devil must leave untouched, for it is consecrated by the sign of the holy cross.

DIET. Suppose I had killed my father and mother—

ABBOT. God will forgive you, for we forgive you.

DIET. But you will be accursed, for you ordered me to murder them!

ABBOT. Fool! we sin not.

DIET. No, for you are not men.

ABBOT. You must swear to fulfil all our commands, to sacrifice every person whom the servants of God may name to you.

DIET. With whom am I to begin? I wait with impatience for an opportunity to prove my obedience. If with one stroke I could kill whole nations, I would slaughter them, that you might make relics of their bones.

ABBOT. Some monasteries may stand in need of that, but we are provided with them, thanks to our saint, not the smallest bone of his blessed body has been lost, we possess them all.

DIET. Enough! name the sum I am to pay as rent, and dismiss me?

ABBOT. Arrange that with our treasurer, and take my blessing with you.

DIET. A blessing on the hangman of innocent people! should the devil hear it, be it on your own head, abbot!

The knight was conducted to the treasurer, and they soon came to terms, as Sir Dietrick thought no price too high that could insure him revenge, and the abbot almost despaired of finding a tenant, who would be at the same time the executioner of the monastery. Sir Dietrick took the oath of fealty, and received full absolution for all his sins past and future, from the

abbot, which closed against him the gates of eternal punishment, though his conduct might be that of a fiend, and opened those which lead to the joys of paradise; he was then conducted to the dark valley. The entrance to it was through a narrow passage betwixt two rocks, and on his arrival there the knight stared with amazement, pinched himself to ascertain whether he was awake, for he seemed to be in his native valley, at the foot of the castles of Terror and of Eagle-eyric. Imagination created in the mist which surrounded the tops of the rocks, the tower of Eagle-eyric, converted the little stream that came roaring over the rocks into the mighty water of the Elbe, widened the valley, decorated the barren rocks on the right with vines and flowers, and left nothing undone which could complete the delusion. His guide calling out: "This is your mill," brought him back from his wanderings.

"This then is the dark valley;" said Sir Dietrick to himself, "here then will I live and die; here where every thing reminds me of my losses, and sharpens my desire for revenge!"

He took up his abode in the mill. His servants soon began to love him; one showed him how to secure himself against surprise, by laying under water the only access through the rocks. Another told him of the old miller, whom he said, had been a rich and powerful knight, and champion of the monastery of St. Bruno, honoured and beloved by his vassals, as well as by the abbot, and by the reigning prince. He had principally resided at court, had been frequently the mediator between the quarrelsome abbot and the noble prince, and also had been present at the assassination of the latter by a band of robbers. Soon afterwards his intimacy with the abbot had ceased, and he was imprisoned in one of the vaults of the monastery. He there made a will in favour of one of his kindred, which he deposited on the altar, in the church of St. Bruno. The will was opened by the abbot, who forced him to swear that he would give his income to the monastery during his life time, and that he would not kill himself, nor speak one word relative to the affair. After this he had hired the mill. The man told Sir Dietrick

that he had learnt all this from overhearing a conversation between the abbot and the miller, when the former came one day to the mill.

Ever since that time, he said, the miller had been dumb, except to the monks; the bodies of murdered men were often found in the valley, yet the murderer could never be discovered. Sometimes it appeared as if the miller were suddenly seized with madness, when he ran to the ruins of the tower of death, and remained there whole nights. This madness had rapidly increased; he soon afterwards ran away, and he now lived, it was said, like a wild man, eating roots and the raw flesh of animals.

From this narration Sir Dietrick was able to understand and complete the story told him by the collier, as well as to explain the dream of the old man in the cavern. His rage against the abbot knew no bounds when he reflected that he had been able to persuade an honest man to sacrifice the life of his prince, his oath, and his duty, to the will of a priest. He awaited the fifteenth night, on which the old man had promised to come to him, with great impatience.

A few days after this conversation, a messenger reached the mill, pretending to be sent by the abbot. He informed the knight that, on the next day, at the hour of vespers, a man dressed in a grey jerkin, with a black scarf and black feathers on his bonnet, would pass the watchtower, whom he was to seize from behind and cut his throat. Afterwards he was to take his head and the contents of his pockets, and send them by a safe messenger, to Sir Walram of Horne, in Swabia, who would dispatch them where they would be welcome.

Sir Dietrick was seized with horror at this command, his blood seemed to retreat from his heart, and his whole body was as cold as ice:

"How did the man injure the abbot?" he asked, speaking with difficulty, "that I am to shed his blood?"

MES. Don't ask me! like yourself, I only fulfill the orders of my superiors.

DIET. Did they give thee also absolution for thy future sins?

MES. No, that is only for the rich. I have no

money to buy absolution, and therefore I shall one day suffer in purgatory.

DIET. I'll give thee gold. Take it, go back to the monastery, buy an indulgence, were it only for one day, thou mayest commit many crimes in one day, and the punishment for them all, falls upon the monks. Take it, go and sin.

He gave him gold and sent him home. This messenger, however, was not sent by the abbot; he came from this old mad man. Sir Dietrick did not know the hospitable collier in his disguise, whom the old man had charged with the message, which he faithfully executed, not suspecting that keeping his faith in this case was the worst of faithlessness.

The following day dawned, and the anxiety which had haunted Sir Dietrick like a nightmare increased; he started in his sleep, crying: "Pilgrim, it is not I who murder thee, but Ulrick and Dietlinda bend the bow, and dip the arrow in poison, priests send it to its aim, *they* murder thee!" He hid himself in a corner of the mill, for he was afraid of the light of day; he often clasped his hands, as if

in prayer, but his prayers turned to curses against the monks, whose tool he now was. Only the rays of the mid-day sun reached the dark valley. Sir Dietrick wished that eternal night might rest over it, that the wanderer might lose his way, or the sun might set fire to the pine forests to terrify him from continuing his journey. But he soon looked on this wish as foolish. "The sun," he murmured, "shone mild when the monks murdered my wife, the day was clear when my son fell, but darkness was in the hearts of these devils in cowls! Oh that the sun might never reach the monastery, that darkness might reign at mid-day in the dens of these murderers, as a sign to the laity that the children of darkness inhabit the temples of the most High." Thus he raged against himself and his enemies.

The sun sank behind the rocky sides of the valley. Sir Dietrick seized his bow as a drunken man seizes a knife; he went to the watchtower, and hid himself behind some rank growing nettles. He tremblingly bent his bow, a hawk came down to the ground, and

Sir Dietrick let fly his arrow, but he was soon aware of his mistake, and put the second upon his bow, more he had not taken with him. Suddenly he heard footsteps at a distance, and, kneeling down behind the nettles, soon saw the wanderer, dressed in a grey jerkin, with a black scarf and feathers. He let fly his arrow, it entered below the left shoulder of the pilgrim! he fell. Sir Dietrick rose slowly, looked up to heaven, expecting to see a thunder cloud ready to hurl its bolts on him; but the sky was clear, serene, and cloudless as before.

"Thank thee, brother in misfortune," cried the pilgrim. Sir Dietrick started, for he knew the voice. He hurried to the wounded man, uncovered his head, and saw the countenance of the old madman already distorted by the agonies of death. "Thou hast done well, take my blessing!" he said and died. The knight stood without the idea of self preservation, and without a sign of life. The first returning feeling made him kneel down beside the corpse. A thousand times he kissed the lips of the murdered man, or rubbed his stiffening

hands. He remained a long time in this state. At length he remembered the words of the messenger; searched the pockets of the old man, and found a parchment written on and folded; this he took, separated the head from the dead body, and dug a hole with his poniard, in which he interred the latter. During this dreadful occupation, his senses repeatedly deserted him, yet, at last, he accomplished it, took the head and the parchment and returned to the mill. There he packed them up, and gave them to one of his servants, with the order to go and seek out the castle of Horne in Swabia, and deliver the parcel to Sir Walram the owner.

After this he returned to the place where he had buried the body, under the idea, that, if he had done wrong, the ghost of the murdered man would come and strangle him at midnight; but the time passed away, the day dawned and not a hair on his head was injured.

There is nothing in which a man reaches perfection so soon, as in the practice of sin; like intoxicating draughts, the oftener they are

repeated the more they are desired. When Sir Dietrick received the second order to slaughter a victim to the revenge of priests, his conscience did not so constantly banish sleep, but his sleep did not refresh him, and it was often broken and disturbed. At the end of the first year, when his arrows had pierced many a human heart, he heard without horror the death warrant sent by the abbot, continued to eat, if he happened to be at his meals, and quietly slept during the night. Sometimes, however, he could not banish the horrible reflection. How! if the tool only were to be punished, not the hand which guides it? When such a thought brought before his mind's eyes, the bloody forms of those he had murdered, when a thousand voices in his conscience called him murderer, he hurried to his men and made them repeat to him as he had taught them, who it was that killed his wife, his son,—that dishonoured his Matilda. This gave him new strength, and the resistance of some of his victims, created in him a greater desire for blood; he made sure

of them by laying the narrow path under water, yet a few escaped. Among them was Rudolphus of Felseck the first pilgrim who appeared, became in such a case the victim of his rage. Nobody was aware that Sir Dietrick only fulfilled the commands of the abbot, and thus he was frequently engaged in war with the knights around, whose relations he had killed, and to prevent surprise, constantly kept the narrow path, as well as the watch tower well guarded.

Thus he lived in continual disturbance for three years, which appeared to him worse than those days when he wandered without a home through the world; always warring with his neighbours, he never dared to leave the dark melancholy valley, which reminded him at every instant of his home, and of all his losses. No amusement could enliven him, the horrible forms of his victims pursued him every where. The wine tasted to him like blood, all kinds of food like human flesh, and dying groans every where sounded in his ears. He often thought

of suicide, yet the hope of finding his Matilda, made him drop his raised arm.° Every year he dispatched a man in search of her, but all his messengers returned without the wished information. He led the life of a madman, who, at times, is perfectly sensible, and then sees his fate in the darkest colours.

In the beginning of the fifth year, he was ordered to murder Sir Rudolphus of Felseck, who escaped and vowed to be the death of the miller, and several of his brother knights joining with him, he surrounded the valley, at the head of a considerable force. Before Rudolphus joined his followers, he received in his castle a strange knight, with his wife and children, who had some cause of complaint against the abbot of St Bruno. He was well received in the castle of Rudolphus, and, as the abbot refused to give him satisfaction, the stranger fearing the time might hang heavy on his hands, accompanied his host on the expedition against the miller.

They had soon little hope left of conquering

their enemy; Sir Dietrick had large herds of cattle in the valley, he sowed corn and therefore had plenty of provisions. The valley was inaccessible, from the only entrance to it being always under water, and the besieged were continually on the alert to repulse the besiegers by throwing stones and burning pitch upon them. At last the strange knight formed an idea that they might turn off the stream above the valley, and thus, leave the path clear of water. This seemed the only means of getting hold of the miller, and the men began the troublesome task with great eagerness. The miller could send out no spies, he had therefore no notion of their plan, till it was executed. The wheels of his mill stood still, and the bed of the river became nearly dry, so that the people could walk through it, and the path through the rocks was free. At this moment Sir Rudolphus of Felseck, at the head of his followers forced their way into the valley; after an obstinate resistance, they drove Sir Dietrick's followers back tothe mill; but even there, they were received by enemies, the fol-

lowers of the strange knight had entered it through the empty bed of the river.

Thus surrounded, Sir Dietrick was in despair, not because he feared death, but because all hopes of once more embracing his daughter were now lost. In his rage he again attacked his adversaries with all his people; drove the followers of Sir Rudolphus back to the entrance between the rocks, but a fresh supply of men came to their assistance. Sir Dietrick's people were beat, and he himself severely wounded and taken prisoner.

When the men brought him before Rudolphus, he stared at him, and immediately contradicted his first order to have him instantly executed. Rudolphus was the knight with the red scarf, whose life Dietrick had saved from the revenge of the offended maiden. He ordered his man to bind the miller and conduct him to castle Felseck. The joyful shouts of the country people were unanimous at seeing the great criminal a prisoner. The mill was set on fire, and the watch tower demolished.

When the abbot of St. Bruno heard this

news, he excommunicated Sir Rudolphus, for taking prisoner the vassal of the monastery, and for destroying its property; but the knights cared little for his curses. With the sword of victory in their hands, they laughed at his anger.

An account of the success reached Castle Felseck before the victors. When dame Adela and the wife of the strange knight heard the trumpets of the returning heroes, they went into the garden, took twigs of oak, and entwined them with roses and lillies, into garlands, and then hurried into the court to crown the victors. Dame Adela ordered two casks of wine to be brought out, to refresh the warriors, and the servants of the castle strewed oak leaves before them.

First came the chiefs; their once shining armour, now dull and rusty with sweat and blood; their scarfs torn, their crests in pieces, and their shields broken; but with joy shining in their eyes, and the emblems of victory on their brow. Then came the prisoners, Sir Dietrick was bloody, and almost mad with concealed

rage, yet noble and proud in his walk and manner. The greater part of the warriors looked at him, rather with admiration and fear than hatred. He was followed by his ruffianly crew, with terrific looks, and eyes inflamed with rage; they mingled praises of their master, with the victorious shouts of their enemies. The men at arms, and esquires of the knights, closed the train. As they approached, they were welcomed by the joyous exclamations of the inmates of the castle.

Sir Rudolphus and the strange knight, sprung from their horses, and received from the hands of their wives, the crowns of victory, heard the congratulations of the children and full of delight, embraced their beloved partners. The voice of the miller, crying, "Matilda, my own Matilda!" suddenly made the strange knight start back from his wife's arms. Matilda looked up, for she was the wife of the stranger, Sir Philip the Lion.

The old mad man, formerly Sir Francis of Egloff, had sent through the hands of Sir G. Walram of Horne, a deed of gift to Sir Philip, of all his

possessions, and he had come into this country to rescue them, if possible, from the gripe of the abbot. "The voice of my father!" cried Matilda; "Father! my father! Where art thou?"

"Here, in chains, in company with the wicked."

Matilda, threw herself into his arms, he repeatedly kissed and caressed her, but the joy was too much for him, he shrieked aloud, and died in the arms of his daughter.

KIBITZ.

THERE was once a poor peasant named Kibitz, who, though but little favoured by fortune, enjoyed nevertheless more contentment and satisfaction than many of his more prosperous neighbours; his chief maxim was to make the best that he could of every thing; and, if affairs proceeded untowardly, to hope that they might take a turn for the better, without vexing himself unnecessarily. One day as he was ploughing his little field with his two oxen, he thought that he heard some one call him, and looking round perceived that it was a bird which repeated his name several times; it being the kibitz or pewit, whose cry resembles the sound of its own name. The simple

clown, conceiving that the bird was mocking him, felt provoked, spite of his usual good-nature, and took up a heavy stone to fling at it; the bird, however, flew away, very leisurely while the stone falling, unluckily, upon one of his oxen, killed it on the spot. This was a terrible misfortune for Kibitz; yet there was no means of restoring the dead animal to life, so thinking that its yoke-fellow would be but of little service by itself, he, without more ado, killed the other also, then flaying them both, carried the hides to a tanner, in order to make thereby some little trifle in return for the heavy loss he had sustained.

When he arrived at the tanner's, finding that no one seemed very anxious to answer his knocking, he peeped in through a casement, and perceived that the good man's wife was cramming a gallant into a chest, in order to conceal him from her unwelcome visitor. Master Kibitz was not altogether so displeased at this scene, as the tanner himself would have been, for he shrewdly thought that he might

turn it to his own advantage. In a little while the dame opened the door, and hearing his errand, informed him that her husband was absent, and that she could not transact the business on which he was come. Kibitz said that she need not refuse him, for though she had no money, yet he would be contented with that old lumber chest which stood in one corner, and it would be an excellent bargain for her. To this proposal the dame demurred, as may well be supposed: Kibitz insisted upon having it, saying, that it was the best bargain she could possibly make, while she as resolutely refused to comply; for it is in vain to offer the most advantageous bargains in the world, if people are so blind to their own interests as to refuse them. In short, they quarrelled so loud and so long about the matter, that the tanner himself returned, in the midst of the affray, and so settled the dispute by insisting upon his wife's complying with their customer's whim, and letting him have the old worm-eaten chest; heartily glad to obtain the

two hides so cheaply, and at the same time considering Kibitz to be a very great block-head. The latter, therefore, obtained his wish; in spite of the good wife's exclamations and opposition, and hoisting his prize into a cart which he had brought with him, drove off towards his home. He had not proceeded far, however, before the inhabitant of the chest, who conceived himself not to be included in the purchase, took care to let him know that he was carrying away more than he had any right to, and to entreat therefore, that he would let him out. This, however, was a proposal to which Kibitz was but little disposed to accede: he set about proving formally, according to the best logic he was master of, that in purchasing the chest, he had also purchased him. The gallant finding himself driven to extremity, and thinking it hopeless, immured as he was, and with very little breath to waste upon words, to think of refuting an adversary who could give his lungs full play, fairly surrendered at discretion, and was permitted to

march out, on giving up all his valuables and money. As it so happened, the latter was a very considerable sum, sufficient to purchase several pairs of oxen, instead of those which the countryman had lost.

Kibitz now returned home quite rich; and his neighbours being informed of the excellent bargain he had made by his hides, killed their oxen also, and took their skins to the same tanner. But instead of obtaining as much as they expected, they were informed that Kibitz had gotten only an old chest, hardly worth a single hide. "Hereupon supposing that they had been maliciously imposed upon by him, in order that they might be induced to kill their cattle, they determined upon putting so envious a fellow to death. Fortunately our good Kibitz received some information of their designs: for a long time he was puzzled in contriving some stratagem whereby to defeat their murderous intent; and, at length conceiving that his poor wife would be quite inconsolable at being left a widow,

he generously resolved to spare her this exceeding affliction. He told her, therefore, that he had a mind by way of frolic, to let her wear the breeches for once in her life; and accordingly ordered her to dress in his clothes, and go and work in the garden. Like an obedient spouse, accustomed to humour all her lord's whims, however extravagant they might be, the poor woman complied. The wicked neighbours shortly after came, and finding her digging in the garden, they fell upon her and put her to death; then immediately fled, satisfied that they had revenged themselves on Kibitz.

Our friend Kibitz, in the mean while, was too overjoyed at the singular success of his stratagem, to have much time to bewail his wife. On the contrary, he thought that she might even yet prove of some service to him; he therefore took her, and having dressed her in her ordinary attire, put a basket of flowers in her hand, and seated her by the road side as if she were offering nosegays for sale. Pre-

sently a stately equipage passed by, and the lady who was in the carriage, being smitten with the beauty of the flowers, ordered one of her lacquays to enquire the price. This he did several times, but receiving no answer, and therefore supposing that she was asleep, he shook her somewhat rudely in order to wake her. Instantly she fell down into a deep ditch, Kibitz having taken care to place her in a ticklish situation; and he, being on the watch, now rushed out upon the fellow, exclaiming, that he had killed his wife, and protesting that he would accuse all of them of murder. The lady alarmed at the accident, and the unpleasant circumstances in which she might be involved, offered, by way of pacifying him, to give all the money she had about her, and also a fine horse, upon which a groom was mounted. Kibitz protested that he had lost the best wife in the world, yet he was far from bearing malice, seeing that the lady was heartily sorry for what had happened, and would therefore comply with her request, out of pure good

nature. So filling his pockets, and mounting on his steed, Kibitz set off home, well pleased with his own prudence and ingenuity.

As he passed through the village, every one looked out to see who it should be was mounted on so fine a horse, but how great was their astonishment, at perceiving that it was Kibitz, whom they thought they had fairly killed. But though at first somewhat alarmed, conceiving it to be his spirit, on finding that it was really himself, they determined to get rid of him at all events; and, in order to do so the more effectually, seized hold of him, and shut him up in a large cask, in which they resolved to throw him into the sea. All now seemed to be over with poor Kibitz: his good fortune appeared quite at an end, chance and good-luck, however, often effect escapes that prudence cannot contrive. The stars had decreed that Kibitz should be prosperous.

It so chanced that in their way to the sea they passed by an ale-house, and considering that Kibitz could hardly run away while imprisoned

in the cask, they left it standing in the road, while they went in to refresh themselves with a draught. No sooner did Kibitz find himself alone than he began to consider how he might best avail of those few precious moments, in order to regain his freedom. At almost the very same instant, he heard a flock of sheep pass by; upon which he began to cry out, "I will not be chosen burgomaster. I am determined not to be a burgomaster." The shepherd astonished at his exclamation, went up to the cask and questioned him as to the cause of his being there. "Friend," replied Kibitz, "according to an ancient and singular custom of our town, whoever is chosen burgomaster, is borne in procession by the inhabitants of our town, in this cask. I am appointed to this honour; but am by no means ambitious of it."—"How!" exclaimed the shepherd with astonishment, "are you in earnest, when you say that you do not wish for the honour? I would then that it were some other person's good-luck to be chosen burgomaster." "Well

then, my honest fellow, do but let me out of this cask, and take my place as quickly as you please." This was no sooner said than done: and Kibitz being extricated himself, inclosed the ambitious clown in his new shell, in which he was to be hatched into a burgomaster; then thinking that the poor sheep would be at a loss for want of a master, or if left there might fall into worse hands than his own, he determined at once to drive them home.

On returning from the tavern, the boors began to roll the cask on again, in spite of the cries of the unfortunate shepherd; and at length, fairly plunged it into the water.

Satisfied that they had now got for ever rid of Kibitz, they were returning very leisurely to the village, but how extreme was their surprise, on suddenly meeting him, not only quite safe and sound, but driving a fine flock of sheep.

"Is it possible Kibitz, that it is you?" exclaimed they altogether, concealing their vexation as well as they could.

"Aye, even so, my kind and worthy neighbours. I perceive your astonishment; you are doubtless much surprized to see these sheep, but I will explain the whole business. You noticed the white foaming spray when you plunged me into the water? Now you must understand, that there is a little enchantment in the case, for—thanks to the violence with which you soused me in, the cask broke, and on my catching at the foam, it turned to sheep, and very fine sheep they are—many thanks, therefore, to you; and to prove to you, my gratitude, I would advise you, one and all, to enrich yourselves in the same manner."

No sooner had they heard this, than each determined forthwith, to make the experiment, after having before them such a convincing proof of its success. Away, therefore, they scampered back to the water: the foremost jumped in at once, the others directly after him; but although they made foam and froth enough with their plunging about, no sheep appeared; on the contrary, they buffetted each other about

in the water at such a rate, that they were all drowned. Thus did Kibitz safely rid himself of all his envious neighbours at once, and thereby render himself master of the whole village.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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